



Horner E. Kline

Dedication

**To all, who, as they read, feel again the
thrill of high school days,**

and to the

Student body

and

Faculty of Steele High School

**we, the Spur girls, dedicate
this work**



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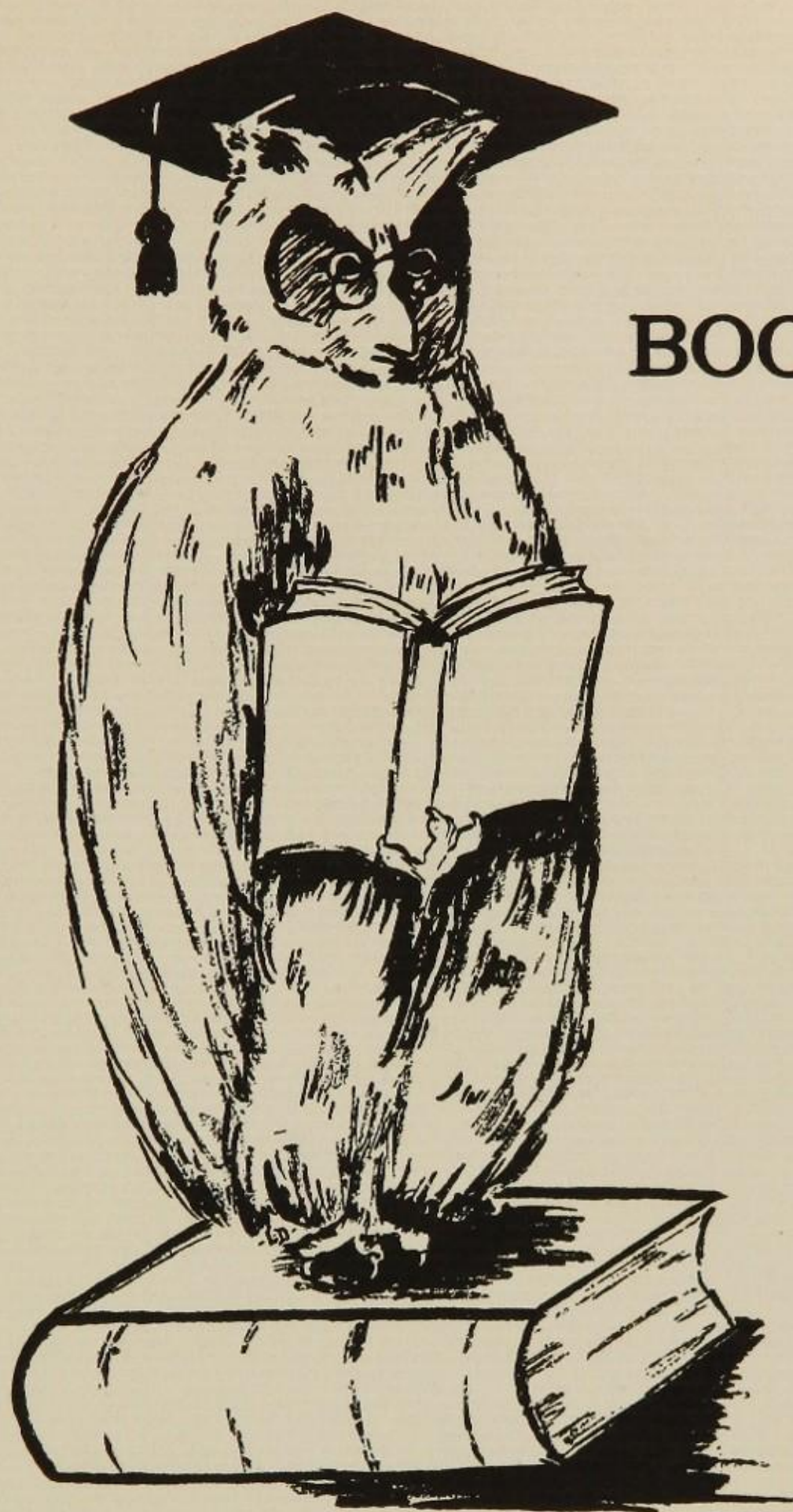
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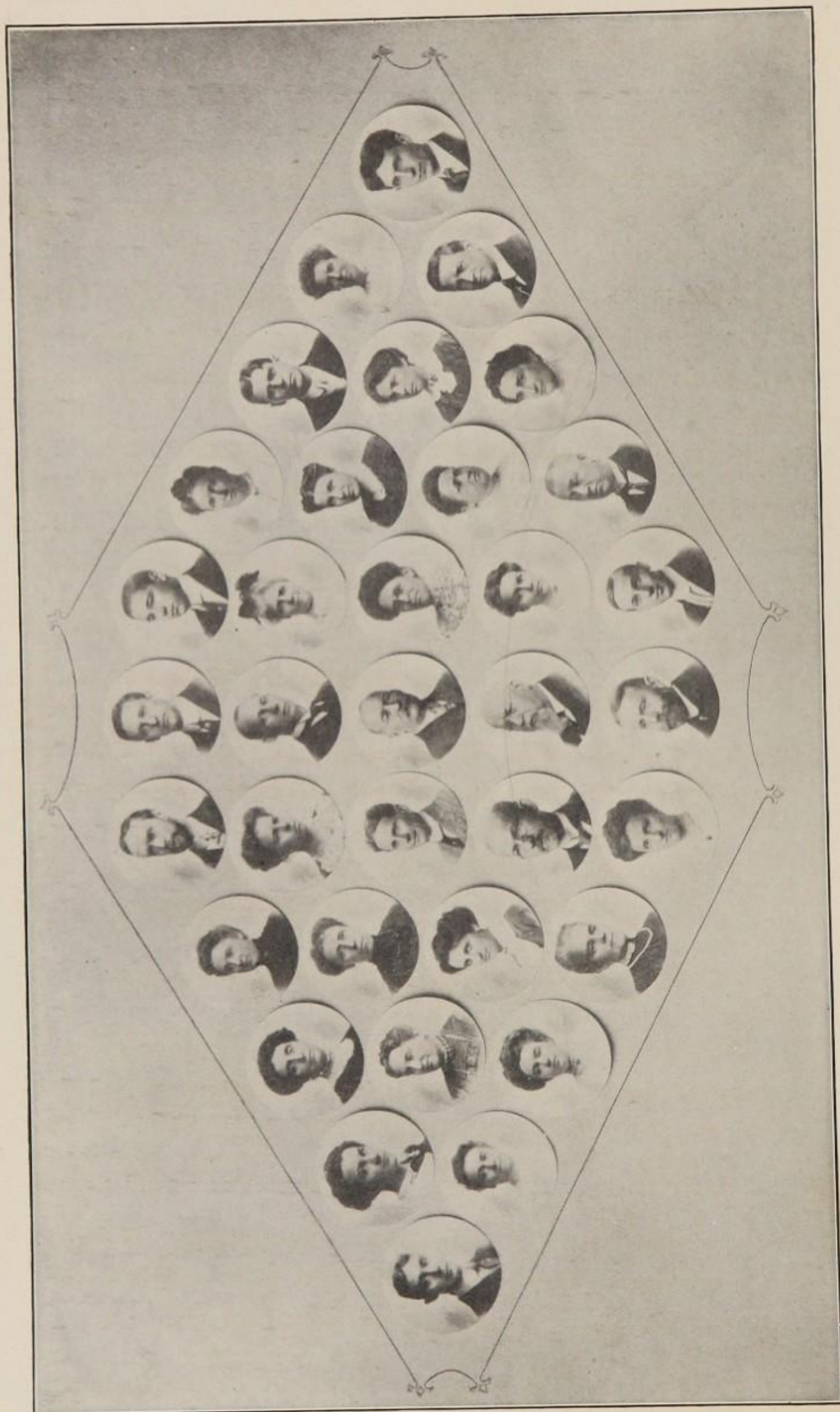
CHARLOTTE BOWEN

MARGARET ROBBINS



BOOK I.

FACULTY



IN THE WORDS OF SHAKESPEARE

Charles L. Loos, Jr.: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Thirza C. Brown: "In maiden meditation fancy-free."

Wm. B. Werthner: "His gait, majestic, and his behaviour, vain."

Louise P. Beck: "A good heart's worth gold."

O. K. Boring: "The will of man is by his reason swayed."

Carrie A. Breene: "Though she be but little, she is fierce."

E. T. Brewster: "Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Helen Burns: "Constant you are, but yet a woman."

Annie Campbell: "My crown is called content; a crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

Mrs. A. P. Dickson: "We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

Marie Durst: "I'd rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me."

G. R. Eastman: "Me, poor man, my library was dukedom large enough."

A. F. Foerste, Ph.D.: "He thinks too much, such men are dangerous."

Herbert Oelman: "Fling away ambition, by that sin fell the angels."

Bertha Geige: "The quality of mercy droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

Alice R. Gilpatrick: "Sigh no more, lady, men were deceivers ever."

Alice Hall: "I had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself."

B. B. Harlan: "Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look, such men are dangerous."

M. Alice Hunter: "Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

Frances Hunter: "Model to thy inward greatness, like little body with

H. T. Kincaid: His philosophy: "Lord, what fools these mortals be."

Our Philosophy: "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

Louise F. Mayer: "I am a woman. When I think, I must speak"

H. W. Mumma: "I, to myself, am dearer than a friend."

Mrs. P. A. Negley: "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Agnes E. Osborne: "O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones."

J. H. Painter: "In peace there's nothing so becomes a man, as modesty."

E. G. Pumphrey: "His better does not breathe upon the earth."

W. C. Reeder: "A merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth, I never saw."

A. Schantz: "If he be sad, he wants money."

Harry Wolf: "His years but young, but his experience old."

Everett Shaw: "I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband."

Daisy Shellhouse: "I wished myself a man, or that we women had men's privilege."

Ben Showalter: "I dare do all that may become a man: who dares do more is none."

L. H. Seigler: "Tis common that men are merriest when they are from home."

Mrs. I. L. Stevens: "My little body is aweary of this great world."

Grace H. Stivers: "How hard it is for women to keep counsel."

A. L. Tebbs: "Let me play the lion. I will roar that I will do any man's heart good."

Elizabeth Valters: "I have a man's mind, but a woman's might."

Lulu Linkert: "Doubt truth to be liar, but never doubts love."

Maude C. Woolpert: "Frailty, thy name is woman."

"I am but shadow of myself: my substance is not here."



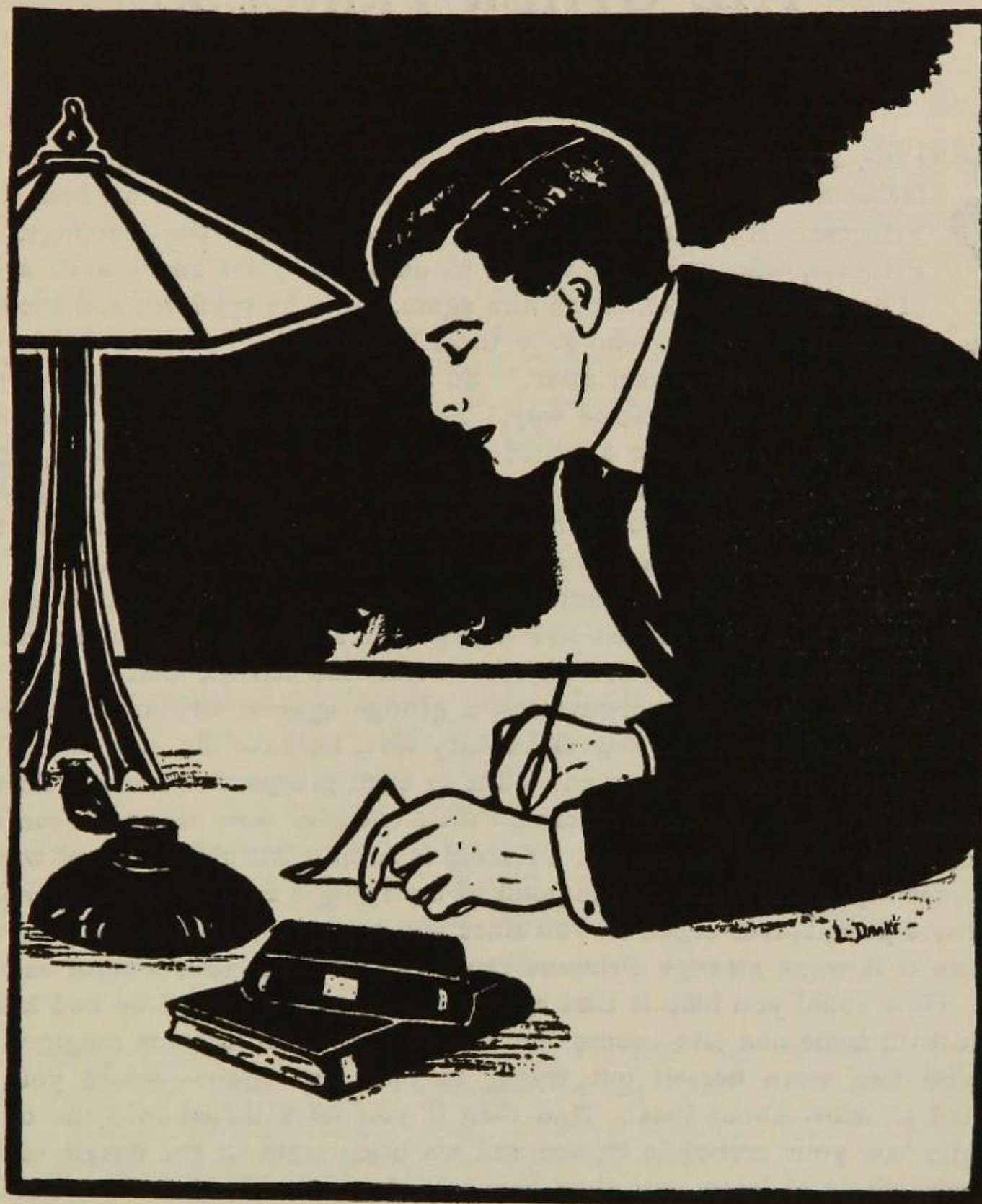
Who is here so rude that would take offense? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None, none.

Then none have I offended.



THE FACULTY PLAY—"THE SHOPKEEPER TURNED GENTLEMAN."



BOOK II.—LITERARY

THE OTHER PRINCESS

By KATHERINE KUNZ

SO the day arrived when the Prince was to marry the lady whom his father had chosen for him, though his heart was sad for his own dear Princess. But, suddenly, a brief moment before the marriage, his Princess, who had gone over a mountain of glass and braved a sea of flame for his sake, found him again. And he rejoiced, and showed her to his father, the King, who gave them his blessing. And so they were married, and lived happily ever after." So many—almost all, in fact—of the old fairy stories end in this same way. The Princess always finds the lover for whom she has undergone a world of agony and pain. It is the proper ending of every well-regulated fairy tale; it is the conventional ending that we have come to expect. But, remember—there was another Princess—she who nearly married the Prince and whom his father had chosen—for her no lover is produced, no wedding festivities are hers. She fades out of the story, and the Prince and his Princess live happy ever after—as they ought to, of course. But what of the other Princess—some one tell me that!

Since childhood I have always felt a grudge against Grimm, Anderson, and all the other writers of marvelous fairy lore, because the other Princess was always left in the end with no visible or even prospective lover. On the delineation of the fortunate Princess all their energies seem to have been exhausted—and the poor little other Princess is simply left alone. How would you like it if you were just on the point of marrying a Prince—a thing which your royal parents had urged on you since you were very young—how would you like it if some strange Princess came and claimed your Prince as her own? How could you help it that before you knew the Prince he had fallen in love with some one else—some one who had lost him in some magic way, and who had worn herself out trying to find him again—would you be expected to know about that? And then if you were thrust into the outer dark and saw your erstwhile Prince and his bride right in the dazzle of the innermost circle of happiness, then how would you feel? Yet every Prince, you know, must get his Princess—it is the fairy law; no matter what luckless unfortunates must suffer because of it, the law endures, and there is no amendment possible.

You forgot her completely, did you not—that other Princess? And you thought that, when the book told you they "lived happy ever after," that everything had gone well and that you might close the book with a satisfied feeling? But sometimes in a cluster of flowers there is one of the wrong

color which spoils the loveliness of all the rest by its mere presence, so the gardener takes it out and throws it away then the rest of the flowers form an harmonious and complete whole. But perhaps the flower which wrought such trouble was a lovely thing in itself; only position made it a source of annoyance. So with the other Princess. Probably she had tresses of real princess gold that hung to her feet and shimmered and waved in the sun. Her rank, too, was just as high as that of the fortunate Princess and her cheeks had just such a royal rose-flush. When she walked along all lower beings became insignificant, as the daisies seemed black against the "fair white feet of Nicolette." She, too, would have passed a restless night had she been forced to sleep on a pea hidden under seven mattresses; she would have scaled mountains of glass and have gone as a ragged beggar for the sake of her dear Prince. She would have become even a scullery-maid—but she never had the chance. And so she is merely one of the sad, patient race of those forgotten. Her lucky sister Princess could perform great feats of love and bring her Prince back to her—not so the other Princess. For her bolder sister aroused such excitement by her deeds of loving prowess that the other Princess was left behind—forgotten and alone.

Well—there are many other Princesses in the world. There is many a Princess who has scaled the hill of glass and fled across the blazing pit; there is many another Princess who could get only half way up, and who lay there with bleeding feet and aching heart and clenched, inefficient hands, listening to acclamations that hailed the successful Princess. Remember, though, that perhaps the fairy godmother had helped the one, while the other had no godmother to lend her beautiful gowns done up in walnut shells and lovely, invisible caps: she had only her own efforts, her own weak hands—poor other Princess. Perhaps with only a little help she might have won a Prince, too, but as it was she could only say, with a quiet sigh of renunciation,

"The Prince passed by, with never a look at me,—
 . . . And I wait—alone."

Besides, who wants a Princess whom her lover has scorned? She will be looked at with contempt and disregard by the world, and this often influences a Prince. Her proud heart may be almost broken, but she would never tell, if she has the heart of a real Princess within her.

Literature is full of other Princesses—Tess of the D'Urbevilles, the Painted Lady, the Woman of Shamlagh, the Maid of Astolat, Ariadne, Pompilia. Sometimes they are other queens, but each is another Princess at heart, though the world's cold thumb and finger fail to plumb it.

In the case of Tess, it is true there was no other Princess to take her place—only the cold ethics of an upright man to whom the hard, ignorant eyes of the world meant more than the eyes of the woman who loved him. It is true, also, that for five glorious days Tess lived as a real Princess with

a transformed Prince at her side—one who had found his ethics dust and who strove to make reparation. It is the last of life which one will think of “when the roving days are past,” and Tess’s last days were full of the glory of life—abundant, satisfying, soul-filled days.

Little Pompilia—what a sad little other other Princess she must have been during her dreary years of marriage, pent up, powerless, miserable, so suddenly forced into a grown-up that she scarcely had any intermediate step between the ignorance of babyhood and the knowingness of womanhood. But she surely knew that she was another Princess—not because of a faithlessness of man, but because of her faithfulness to a real ideal. “In heaven we have the real true and sure,” she says bravely. “Tell him that I am all in flowers from head to foot.” In her case the irresistible cry of the Princess heart, “Oh, lover of my life! My soldier-saint!” was answered not by flesh, but in spirit.

Then there is the sad tale that seems so much more than a mere love story—the tragic fate of Phaedra, who built a temple to Aphrodite that she might, through the great queen’s power, win for herself the man she loved.

“Oh, Aphrodite of the sea,
For love have pity on me!”

she prayed, but the inexorable goddess turned a deaf ear on her plaint, and her life comes down through the ages only as a “name, a story, and a tomb.” Her name remains a symbol of the

“Thwarted spirit, vexed and teased
By yearnings that cannot be eased,
The soul that chafes upon the mesh
Of tenuous yet galling flesh.”

Bliss Carman’s conclusion to his delicate rendition of Phaedra’s story is an echo of the universal pain:

“Ah, fair Greek woman, if there bloom
Some flower of knowledge in the gloom,
Receive the piteous, loving sigh
Of one more luckless passer-by.
Peace, peace, wild heart! Unsatisfied
Since thy dear beauty found a bed
Has every mortal lived and died,
In sea-girt Hellas long ago,
For ever with the dreaming dead,
Immortal for thy mortal woe!”

There are so many other Princesses! Of what use to repeat them—you know them yourself.

Of course there are many kinds of other Princesses and there are many varieties of Princes. Sometimes he is an ideal that has been followed until almost within reach—and then some ruder, bolder hand suddenly appre-

hended it—the glorious ideal she had clung to for so long, and the loss of which makes the world a queer, empty place to live in—especially if the Princess be young and impetuously enthusiastic.. Sometimes the Prince comes in the guise of a longed-for hope, or a soaring ambition, or a dear desire—and when they disappear, there is nothing for the Princess to do but to sit down and wait in patience. Pity the Princess who must wait, crouching alone in the darkness, waiting for footsteps—is there a greater agony in life than waiting for footsteps? or else, a greater pain, waiting among a crowd of ignorant ones to whom her fear is unknown and by whom it is misunderstood. Pity the Princess who waits! Her golden hair may become thin and rough, her eyes become unspoken reflections of the longing within, her rose-leaf cheeks be sere and yellow, her features may bear a great peace—it is not the peace of content, but the costlier peace of resignation; the Princess' heart never can quite forget its youth and lost joy; it remembers into eternity, even though the bliss was transitory and fleeting, and the pain-brimmed agony is life-long. Though the world long since has passed by the fact that she ever lived, she still exists, slipped back from the coldness of human eyes, back into unrecorded history, back into the crowded, silent ranks of those forgotten.

Perhaps we might mention the other Prince, too, but many sympathies have been lifted in his defence; many strong masculine voices have aided him—and many weaker feminine ones, too. “And the men who never come off,” he said, “who try like the rest, but get knocked down, or somehow miss—who get no Princess, nor even a second-class kingdom”—this is only a sample. The other Prince somehow does not get so much contumely from those around him; a Prince may always strive again, and make his past a stepping-stone for his future; but, in some queer way, the world seems to consider a Princess who has failed as a lost atom, whose chances for success are gone. Why is it so? Only another phase of the fairy law, I suppose,—the feeling that everyone is bound on the wheel of things and must revolve with the turnings of the wheel. But why do we so often find the Princesses at the bottom of the wheel, which does not help them to rise, but passes over them and crushes them? Poor Princesses! Some of them “with the half of a broken rope for a pillow at night,” some with heavy heaps of regret and scorn weighing them down, some—and these are the saddest of all—whose broken hope is a tiny bundle hugged tightly in their arms—a little harmless atom, whose heritage is grief and shame. Let any one dare to say that this Princess is not in reality a Queen, just as much as are her lucky sister queens, sitting proudly on the top of the wheel and gazing down on her in haughty disdain. So you remember that, when the master went into the garden, “the little gray leaves were kind to him.” He knew the agony of incomprehension; he had struggled, bitterly and alone, to remain the captain of his soul, to keep unharmed the faith and immortal love for which he stood. And the only real sympathy that came to him was that of a little gray leaf.

PETER

By MARGARET E. HOWARD

PETER brushed a speck of dust from his coat sleeve. It was a hot July afternoon. "It can't be the train is late," he said to himself, clutching the little old valise nervously. The breath of the country was in the air. A bird whistled on a tree near by the little waiting-room. "I'll miss the old place, no doubt," he said tremulously, "but," his lips grew firm, "I've made up my mind."

The train whistled and soon came puffing up to the little station. The journey was before him. He turned and looked back down the old road he knew so well. A buggy was coming. He climbed hurriedly into the train, and then gazed anxiously about. In one corner a tired-looking mother was holding a little boy. He was sleeping, but for a moment Peter was startled. The boy reminded him of Johnny. "Johnny'll miss his old grandad," he sighed. He took a seat where he could have an occasional glimpse of the boy. The other passengers regarded the little old man with some curiosity at first, but soon returned to their daily papers or their naps. Peter still held his valise tightly. The train started. The windows were open but the air was sultry. He longed for the shady woods by the old farm.

"Johnny 'll want me to fix his pole so he can fish in the little brook," he said sadly, "but mebbe the hired man 'll have time to 'tend to it."

He looked out the window but the green fields seemed to call him away from the present and so he fell asleep.

"Tickets."

Peter woke with a start.

"Have we come?" he said.

"Tickets." The conductor looked bored.

Peter opened the valise. There was nothing in it but a clean collar and a few handkerchiefs.

"Any time," growled the conductor.

Peter looked dazed. He fumbled in each pocket of his coat and finally with a triumphant smile pulled out an old sock. Very carefully he took out a purse and handed it to the conductor.

"I guess there's enough," he said hesitatingly.

The conductor opened the purse gingerly, counted the small coins and handed it back to Peter. Peter was relieved. He placed it carefully—almost tenderly in the old sock.

The little boy across the way was awake now and sat staring at Peter. Peter held out his hand, but the boy stuck out his tongue.

"Don't do that, Adolphus." The mother shook him roughly. "The old man won't hurt you. He's too trembly and weak to bother you. He ought to be in some asylum 'stead of travellin' around at his age."

Peter sank back in the seat. It was true then. He had thought it might be a mistake. He always felt strong despite his white hairs, but now it must be true. He looked out the window. Houses were coming in sight. Here was the city at last! How crowded everything was. In the country—but then he must not think of the country. No, he had come to live in the city and perhaps he would become used to it. The train stopped. The passengers crowded into the aisle. Peter grasped his valise more tightly. The crowd was nearly out now. Peter hurried after.

"Cab, sir?"

Peter looked up politely. People in the city are always polite.

"No, I don't believe I'll take one this morning, thank you," he said apologetically.

The man stared at him so hard that poor Peter was greatly embarrassed. He hurried to the sidewalk.

"I don't know just which way I'd better go," he said to himself. "I suppose it must be one of those big buildin's over there."

The little old man started off, but being pushed and shoved by the crowds of people so exhausted him that he leaned against a lamp-post to rest.

"I must be gettin' weak," he sighed; "weak and trembly. I used to hoe the taters back at the old place and plow the fields with the best of 'em, but I'm weak and trembly now."

"What's the trouble, old man?" A kind-faced gentleman took him by the arm. The hurrying people looked at them curiously, but Peter did not care. It was good to have some one to lean upon.

"I was looking for—for the 'Old Men's Home,'" he said, half ashamed and yet proudly enough. "Perhaps you know where 'tis and can tell me, sir."

"Well, yes, I can." The gentleman paused.

"Oh, I'm so glad, sir." Peter now spoke almost eagerly. "You see, I'm anxious to get there 'cause its pretty timesome travelin' this hot weather." He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"Are you alone?" the gentleman asked.

"Oh, yes," said Peter; "I'm alone, but I reckon if you show me the way I can find it all right. Is it very far?"

"Yes, it is rather far, too far for you to walk, but we'll manage some way," the gentleman replied.

"Here, Jim."

A cab drew up at the curb and the man helped Peter in and closed the door.

"To the 'Old Men's Home,' Jim."

Peter struggled with the door.

"Wait, wait," he called.

The driver opened the door.

"I wish to thank the gentleman," he said.

"Oh, that's all right."

The two men, Peter and the tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, shook hands.

"Come and see me," called Peter, as the cab-door slammed.

"What would Annie think if she could see me?" Peter spoke the name softly. "That was a mighty nice gentleman and this is a fine carriage to be ridin' in. Perhaps it wont be such a bad place to live after all."

Peter peered out the window. "The houses is gettin' fewer. Why, I do believe it is the country after all."

In a few minutes the cab stopped. The driver threw open the door and helped Peter out. Peter still carried the old valise. Sloping from the sidewalk was a green lawn, and far back among beautiful old trees was a large building. Peter thanked the driver and started up the walk. There was no one in sight.

"Taking their naps, I guess." Peter spoke almost joyously now. "It's almost like the country," he said.

He sat down on the porch steps and fanned himself with his hat.

"What can I do for you?"

Peter started. He had almost forgotten why he had come. Turning, he saw a middle-aged man standing in the door-way.

"Howdy," Peter advanced towards him. "I just come here to live," he said, "and was admirin' the place. You've got things fixed up most like the country."

"Step into the office."

The man beckoned and Peter followed him into the office where he sat twirling his hat uneasily.

"Where are your entrance papers?"

Peter looked dazed.

"Who sent you here?" The man was becoming impatient.

Peter stopped twirling his hat. He regarded the man gravely.

"Nobody sent me, nobody knows I come," he said; "but I thought I would, yes, it is better so. Why do you keep me here answerin' questions?"

The man looked at Peter solemnly.

"You can't stay," he said, "without the papers. We're too crowded, any way."

Peter's face filled with dismay. His features were drawn as though he was in great pain.

"Can't stay," he repeated; "can't stay."

It was as though some one had struck him. The little old wrinkled face grew hard; the shoulders, before so erect, drooped slightly. He tried to arouse himself but sank back in his chair again. He had come for nothing, then all the tiresome journey was useless, but now he could not go back to the farm. He had forfeited all right to return—forever. They would not receive him. Tom had said he ought to be in a "Home," that Sarah couldn't stand waitin' on him. He had overheard. Yes; that was why he had come. No one had known, but Johnny. Sarah had gone to a funeral and the men were at work in the south field—but now it was all in vain. And where should he go?

The man was looking at Peter half scornfully, half pityingly.

"We can't keep you here," he said finally.

"Yes." Peter still sat in the chair. The little old valise slipped from his hand.

"What's the matter, pa?" A fat, good-natured-looking woman appeared in the doorway.

Peter did not look up.

"The old man's a little shaken up," the superintendent replied. "Come here expectin' to get in, I suppose. Sorry, but he'll have to leave."

"Now just you listen here, Samuel Abernethy, that old man isn't goin' to be sent away tonight, anyway, papers or no papers. Don't you see he's nearly exhausted?"

The matron went over to Peter, who was sitting upright now.

"You just come with me," she said, "and we'll find a place for you to-night."

Peter looked grateful. He was still weak, but he followed Mrs. Abernethy and she took him to a room where he might rest. "I'll call you at supper time," she said, "and now you lay down there and rest."

Peter obeyed. He was too tired to think. Everything seemed whirling about him. One thing only remained clear in the confusion of his thoughts. He could not stay. He must leave but not return to the farm; no, that was impossible now. Where should he go?

He must have fallen asleep. The room was dark and someone was calling. It must be Johnny.

"You can come with me now, for supper's ready."

Ah, now he remembered. Johnny had vanished. The matron was a reality.

Seated around the table were the old men of the "Home." The matron placed Peter by her side. The old men regarded him curiously, half jealously. But he did not notice. The meal proceeded in silence. The old men ate and drank mechanically and when they had finished each one carried his plate and cup to the kitchen.

After supper Peter went to bed. He could hear the old men talking in querulous tones below, but finally he fell asleep.

The sun was streaming in the little room when Peter awoke. He sat up in bed. Birds were twittering in the tree outside the window. Everything seemed happy. Peter was happy, too. He had been dreaming of the old farm and Johnny.

Breakfast was a counterpart of the supper the night before. The same monotony prevailed. The matron spoke of the beautiful weather.

"It won't last long, I guess," one of the old men replied. But for the most part they were sullen and unresponsive.

After the meal was ended, the matron called Peter aside. "Now," she said, "suppose you tell me where you came from and where your folks live. I am afraid you can't stay without the papers. It's against the rules, you know."

Peter was silent.

"Oh, here he is, here's grandada! I've found him." A little boy rushed into the room. Following him closely a man and a woman were ushered in by Mr. Samuel Abernethy.

Peter looked on astonished. Could it really be Johnny come to him? Yes, oh, yes, it was! He held out his arms. Tears were streaming down his little old wrinkled face. He held the boy close.

"Johnny didn't forget his old grand-dad," he murmured.

The matron and the superintendent slipped from the room unnoticed.

The woman came forward and folded the two, Peter and Johnny, in her arms. "Come back, father, dear father," she sobbed. "The old farm wants you and we want you."

She looked into her husband's eyes. He held out his hand and Peter grasped it. Johnny freed from his embrace ran towards the door.

"Come, grandada," he cried imperiously; "come, I want to fish in the brook."



INCOMPREHENSION

Smiling, you dream in the fire's glow,
While the graying ashes slip below;
What do you see that I cannot see?
Is there some place where I may not be?—
Some far, dim spot in an unguessed land,
Where things are easy to understand,
Where you may find peace for your troubled soul—
While I see only the glowing coal.—Katherine Kunz

AN ANCEINT CITY OF CHINA

By BERNICE MURRAY

JUST at sunset we came through a pass in the hills and saw fifteen li away the South Gate Pagoda, and beyond that the walls of the city where I was to spend six busy, happy months. After two days and a half spent in a Chinese cart anything that offered a cessation from its exquisite torture would be welcome, and so Hsu Chou Fu, as I first saw it outlined against the evening sky seemed to me to be a veritable haven of rest. I had the distinction of being the first white woman outside of the missionaries who had ever been in the city, so you see it was real China, and not the modified variety one gets in the ports.

Imagine, if you can, a city with as many inhabitants as Dayton, confined inside of a wall, three miles in circumference. Small wonder that half of the city seems to be on the streets and every little alley is literally swarming with people. On three sides of the city is the old bed of the Yellow River, once a busy waterway, now a sandy waste. Before 1852 Hsu Chou Fu was one of the principal cities on the river. Situated a little over one hundred miles from its mouth on a bend in the river it was an important port and the city was a flourishing one.

The people, however, lived in constant fear of the Hoang-ho, and they called it "Chinese sorrow," for they never knew when it would overflow its banks, leaving behind desolation and the sound of mourning.

There are many interesting legends connected with the river and these are used as the basis of some of the stories still told in the tea shops.

On Yuin Long San, one of the hills outside of the city there is a building made in the shape of a boat which, the story says, was built by a wealthy official as a work of merit. At the time of flood all of the people were to gather in this ship, a la Noah's ark, and be floated away to safety.

Another legend tells of Shu Guniang, a young and beautiful maiden, the daughter of a high official, throwing herself into the river at the time of a flood when the city was threatened with inundation. Her act appeased the anger of the gods who had sent the flood and it immediately subsided. So appreciative were the people of the city that they erected a temple, not to the girl—that would be conferring too much honor upon youth—but to her parents. The temple may be visited outside of the North Gate to-day.

Some of the oldest inhabitants will tell you that they remember the time when the city was a great shipping center surrounded on three sides by the Hoang-ho, and they declare that it changed its bed in a single night. When the lights were extinguished in the homes that night in 1852, the city was threatened with the worst flood they had ever known, but with the first stirrings of a new day it was found that there was only the muddy bed left to show that there had even been a river at all.

No one seems to know just how old the city is, but it is certain that it was a flourishing port at the time of the overthrow of Babylon.

To our eyes unaccustomed to such antiquity the city wall appeared to be thousands of years old, but the inhabitants call it new, for it has only three or four hundred years to its credit. The houses as viewed from the wall seem to be thrown together in a promiscuous fashion. We find the Yamen of the official or the home of the millionaire side by side with the mud hut of the poorest coolie, wealth and abundance rubbing elbows with abject poverty. It is a country of sharp contrasts—the high official in his silken robes sitting at ease in his richly furnished sedan chair is carried on the backs of dirty coolies, scantily clothed even in winter, and earning the few "cash" they will receive for their labor by the sweat of their brow.

The strangest thing about it all is the feeling of being a curiosity when one goes out and it is hard to get used to being called "foreigner." Wherever you go there is sure to be a curious crowd following and when you turn and ask them sharply why they follow you, not at all embarrassed, they will calmly answer that they only wanted to Can Can (look, see).

A tour of the shops is made with difficulty on account of the interest manifested in your prospective purchases by every one who passes. The majority of the shops are open to the street and all the customer has to do is to step up on the narrow platform before the counter and ask for what he wants. There is nothing to tempt the would-be buyer. One must ask for the exact article he wants and, failing to get it, there is no substitute offered. In fact, one is made to feel that the shop-keeper is conferring a favor to wait upon you at all. In the silk shop we are invited to a room in the rear where we are given seats and shown the fabrics in that leisurely fashion that only an Oriental can assume. Failing to find what we want here we are escorted to a room farther back, and the process of elimination continuing, we finally find ourselves in the very rear room, small and dingy, but here we are shown the richest silks, the pride of the shop-keeper's heart. "Few there be who enter here," for the room is jealously guarded—hence the reason for its being the last one.

After making our purchases we go out to the street again where our chairs are waiting for us. Down the narrow street our bearers swing us with the peculiar cry of the chair coolies, and our shopping expedition is over.

WHERE LAY THE FAULT?

By EDMUND BARKEMEYER

SHE had come back. Darley Lare had come back. This piece of news, whispered from one person to another, was enough to set all heads in Braunsberg nodding, and to stir the village into a ripple of unusual excitement. It would be worth while trying to picture Braunsberg as it stood that day, feet deep in fallen leaves, rimmed by mountain ranges, and over all the blue sky. Silence was characteristic of the place. There were no sounds in the air, no hammering, no sign of industry, only the cry of a bird, or the shriek of a locomotive far away. The shuttered houses looked desolate and lifeless. Even the streets were quiet. Once or twice a child, escaping from the thick atmosphere of the low buildings, appeared and rapidly disappeared, as if instructed by his guardians not to breathe the fresh, pure air. Once or twice the shutters of a house opened then closed again—that was all. Life seemed to have taken its departure.

But for all this peaceful exterior, Braunsberg did not lack its gossips. In parlors, in dark kitchens, and in the other rooms that they called sitting rooms, great interchange of neighborly chat was going on. There was "Liddy." She had just come back from the city, and having the reputation of a high talented speaker, everybody had gathered around her, listening to her wonderfully constructed sentences, pouring forth as mighty thunder, varying in tone and pitch. There was "Heddy," explaining in a very satisfactory way how to make apple butter more juicy, and how to raise young chickens; then suddenly changing her subject to the topic of the day—Darley's return. And behind the door, having been told to leave the room, were Topsy and Lisse, on the very tiptoe of curiosity, doing their best to overhear everything through a chink of the door.

"Who's Darley Lare?" Topsy asked, fishing the name out of the tantalizing hum, hum, hum of the low voices.

"I don't know," replied Lisse, with eyes wide open; "some awful person I guess."

Poor Darley! It was not very long—five or six years at the most—since she left her native village, and she was already forgotten, her name being a strange sound to the ears of that generation that now usurped her place. She was not "awful" then. The old people remembered her, a willful, beautiful girl, carrying all before her with the impetuosity of youth; flirting now with this man, now with that stranger, breaking more than one heart. Every one remembered the time of her engagement with Thomas, that handsome

fellow, and every one remembered the looks after Darley had broken the engagement and had vanished from home, and from her aunt. Saying at first that Darley had gone to visit some of her relatives, old Miss Lare had told them that she had left her without explaining the cause of her sudden departure. A dark shadow rested over the fate of this village-child, until now, at the return of the girl—a girl no more—it had been lifted.

"But when did she come back?" asked Mrs. Wayder, breathlessly.

"This morning," replied Miss Heddy, taking up her needle work again. "My son went down to the depot to get some freight with his team, and he fetched her along. She was silent and didn't speak, and how she was changed, he said. She told him to drive to the house where her aunt—God bless her—used to live. 'Perhaps they'll take me in there to board,' says she, and burst right out crying. My son felt pretty bad about it, and he took her there and fixed it up all right. Well, I just hope somebody'll come and get her and care for her. He says she looks so yellow and thin and has such a cough—well, I must be goin'."

"Mother," cried Topsy and Lisse, unable to resist any longer; "who is that Darley you and Miss Heddy were talking about?"

"You'd better be quiet. She was a poor girl, who didn't have it as good as you're having it, and she's come back. You'd better go and see if the chickens have their corn. It's time they'd be getting some." And in the excitement of their work Topsy and Lisse soon forgot their curiosity. But the mother did not forget, and she prayed long and fervently that day, for the lost wanderer who had come back to the village.

In the meantime Darley was lying in bed, where as a child she had slept beside her aunt. The room was little changed. There was the old clock, still ticking in the same old melancholy way; there was the old oak shelf in the corner, where Miss Lare's Bible had its place. There was the mirror which had reflected a young, beautiful face in those days; there was the blind through which the sun had greeted her, inviting her to enjoy herself in God's beautiful nature. Darley pursued her recollections with languid interest. She felt tired—too tired to rise. She would rest for a day or two, and then she would feel better. She wondered if anybody would visit her; and for the first time in these years that she had been away from her birthplace, a painful curiosity to know what had been said of her absence awoke in her mind. Her kind aunt was dead. Would her former friends desert her, too? Darley closed her eyes, then opened them again and tossed restlessly.

All that day and the next she lay in the room—ill and feverish. Her landlady brought her tea and crackers twice a day, but a sharp, inquisitive manner had taken the place of her former good nature. Her story must have been told to her. Why had she come back? There seemed to be a power drawing her back with an immense force—a power irresistible.

The third day was a day, the splendor of which could only be fully appreciated in a village as Braunsberg, where there was no smoke, no noise—only sunshine. Darley felt better. Rising feebly she dressed, and wrapped in a shawl, sat down beside the open window. A bright sun shone, but the clouds had deepened on the mountains, and a light breeze was blowing. Looking out, she saw orderly groups of people passing home from church, and a desire to leave the house seized her. Perhaps nobody knew—perhaps some kind person might speak tenderly to her—even pity would be sweet. Wrapping herself in the shawl and veil, she crept downstairs and into the street.

Where are the people going? An unusual throng was pressing through the gates of the village, moving in long lines across the meadow. What could it mean?

"Where are all the people going?" Darley asked of a little boy, who stood near the gates with his hands in his pockets.

"Down to see the baptisin'," replied the boy, wonderingly. "Ain't you going? There's ten of them."

Some very vague recollection floated through Darley's mind as she followed the crowd. Yes, it was long ago when she was baptized in the pure waters of the river. She remembered so well the words of the pastor: "May God keep you as clean as this water, my child." Had she kept herself clean? She had played with her youth. How bitterly the river reminded her of the ill-spent days of her life. But had she not also spent her happy childhood there? There was the shallow where she and Thomas used to play; there was the meadow—the flowers they had gathered from it had delighted her aunt so many times. Poor Thomas! She could feel his hand now, and see the boyish face close to her. They had sat there—strangest memory of all—when he had asked her to marry him. She wondered if he were living yet—if he had quite forgotten her. And as she was recalling these moments, the path she followed almost unconsciously, brought her to the bank where the members of the church were standing in silent groups.

She shrank back, afraid that the people might see her. But as nobody perceived her she ventured to press forward. There stood the choir, and just then the leader gave the tune of one of the old sweet hymns. One stanza—then a couple slowly descending the bank passed into the water. Step by step they reached the center of the pool. Darley heard the sacred formula pronounced, then they vanished under the waves. Another baptism followed—another. Then some unusual excitement ran through the crowd, as a young man leading a girl, descended the slope. Darley just caught sight of the girl's face as they passed, a beautiful one framed in dark hair. The ceremony having been performed, the forms again turned toward the bank, the man holding the woman with a strong arm. His face—Darley gasped as she gazed—wore a look of steadfastness and peace which made the strong fea-

tures almost beautiful. It was Thomas, the lover of her youth, no longer a boy, but a man. Just then Thomas's eyes, as he slowly ascended the bank, met hers, and he recognized his lost love.

"Just look how white Thomas is, aint he?" whispered somebody nearby in the crowd.

"But Anne isn't," was the reply. "She's just as pretty as ever. I don't wonder that he thinks such a lot of her."

Darley heard no more. With desperate footsteps she hurried back across the meadow, feeling as if she must sink every moment. The words of the preacher as he baptized them, pursued her—"He will be merciful to you." Would he? Oh, if he would.

That night Thomas and Anne were sitting in the big chair in the parlor of Thomas's father's farmhouse. There were tears on her face, and Thomas's face seemed grave as he stroked her small fingers in his broad hand.

"It's like a shadow over the day we thought would be so happy, Anne. At all times I am seeing that face—that strange face. My love for Darley died long ago, and I wouldn't dig it up for anything. But when I saw her face to-day, so unhappy, dear, I forgot everything that had happened between us two, and I only thought how I could help her. Don't be angry with me, darling, but tell me what you think."

"Angry, Thomas, how could I? I love you all the more for being so tender-hearted. But what can we do?"

"I am trying to think, darling. If we were married it would be easy. But it won't do for me to go now; people would talk."

"But, Thomas," cried Anne, "why should we mind people's talking if it's right? You know that we decided to do something in memory of our baptism. Perhaps this has been sent to us to fulfill our promise; who knows, Thomas?"

While kind persons were deciding upon her future, Darley stood beside the river—she had left the house and had come here.

The night was wild. It had rained heavily during the afternoon. The unnatural music of the wind, signifying storm, fell like a terrible human voice upon the ears of the unhappy girl, as she passed along the meadow path, close to the river. Pausing at the bank, the idea of her present situation seemed to crush her with terrible force. She bent over—weeping.

"Oh, what a dreadful place this world is," she sobbed. "Oh, if I could only begin all over again. Isn't there any way to get rid of life's burden? What did the preacher say—

'He will be merciful to you.'

He didn't mean me. I wish the preacher would take hold of my arm and dip me under as he did this morning with Thomas, and all my past life would

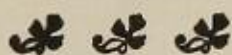
slip off, and I could rise up again and begin a new life. Oh dear, that would be good."

She filled her hands with water, and poured it over her burning face. "That is fine," she said; "nice and cool. I'll go in and stand there where Thomas stood this morning and perhaps all my pain will go away."

She waded in. Upon reaching the place where the ceremony had taken place in the morning, she hurried on. The water was at her waist—now above her breast. She slipped—her foothold gave away—the water was over her head. Instinctively she struggled for a second, grasped the air—then a sudden idea filled her mind, and with a smile she gave herself to the stream and sank. The moon disappeared behind the dark clouds; the wind, now risen to its force, moaned drearily—then before the waves of Darley's departure had ceased, the moon again lighted the circles in the water, and silence possessed the place.

She was found in the morning. Peace rested upon her face. Death had washed away all stain, and she seemed to have fallen asleep.

But Thomas and Anne were restless. "We were going to help her—we were going to be so good to her," they said to each other, "if she had only lived a little longer."



LOVE AND LIFE

A little blue violet, graceful and shy,
Fell in love with a yellow butterfly
Who chanced one day to go glancing by.

A moment he poised on her petals blue;
A moment her little gold heart thrilled through;
Another moment—away he flew.

He winged his carefree, fluttering way
All through the sunny smiling day,
Past riotous blossoms he loitered gay.

Till a frost came down from the pitiless sky,
And shriveled the wings of the butterfly;
And his last faint breath was a wandering sigh,

As he thought of the violet, graceful and shy,
How he meant to go back to her by and by—
Some time, long ere he came to die.

And she waited on, in longing and fear,
Till her little gold heart grew brown and sere,
And a dew-drop lay, like a tender tear,

On her frail blue petals, that curled and dried
And withered away with wounded pride,
Till the lonely little blue violet died.—Katherine Kunz.

TO A ROSE

A shuttle of fancy flew by wild and free,
The fibers were light as the foam of the sea;
And dyed where the fairies were blending the tints
For hollyhock petals and bloom of the quince.
When to thee in the sun,
Thy fair petals were spun,
And spread a prize by their daintiness won.
When nightly the dew-drops lie down to their rest,
And Zephyrs are choosing where they would bequest,
Thy buds fast asleep are low-bowing their heads
But waiting the dawn's touch to spring from their beds.
Then the dew and the kiss
Of the zephyrs are bliss,
And thy bloom of world more ethereal than this.

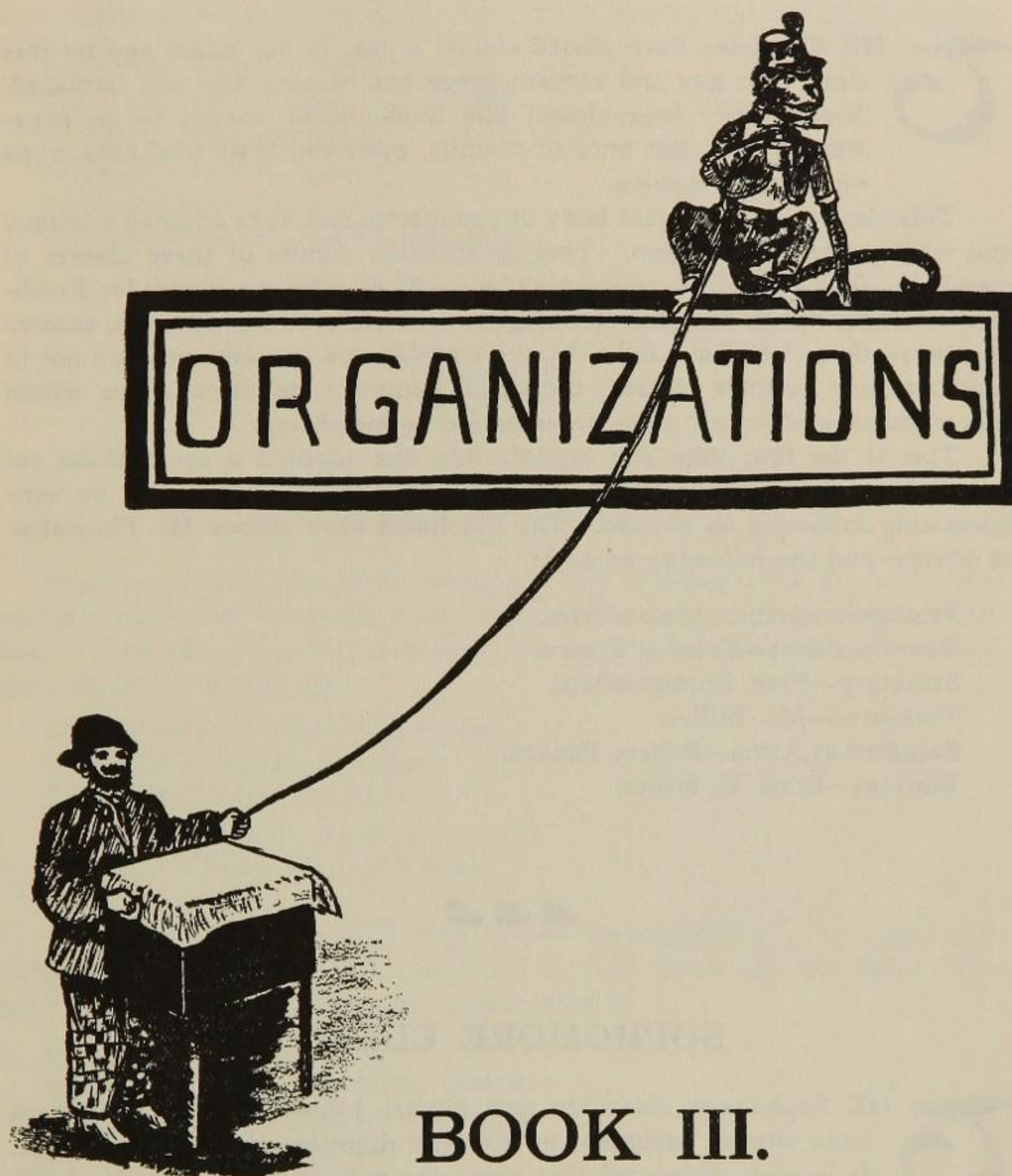
Florence Collins.



TO YOUTH

With cheeks and eyes aglow from tingling air;
With happy ringing laugh and glances bright,
To Youth the world is fresh with joy and light—
It knows no heavy heart nor aching care,
But has a dream of dreams where all is fair.
The light-poised figure drawn to fullest height,
Tripping along, unconscious, forms a sight
That world-worn men in memory long may bear—
O blithsome Spirit, free from any stain,
Alive in every quickening vein with wealth
They view, not that of doubting age, is truth—
That thou must toil and labor hard to gain—
In fair and lofty visions lies thy wealth;
And rich thou art beyond a king, O Youth!

Wm. G. Marvin



FRESHMAN CLASS

THE Freshmen have passed almost a year in our midst and by this time their gay and verdant green has become dim and tarnished. Indeed, they look almost like Sophomores, except to an experienced eye—but once in a while, even yet, their freshness crops out in some fashion.

This class is an intelligent body of youngsters and have adopted a unique and wholly new constitution. This constitution admits of three classes of members. The first class, active members—those who are of regular Freshmen standing and in passable standing in their classes; second class, charter members—those who have fallen by the wayside and consequently are not in good standing in their classes; the third, honorary members—those whom this class may elect into their organization as members.

This is the first time any organization has adopted a constitution restricting membership according to student application, and it will be very interesting following its success. The Freshmen have chosen Mr. Showalter as advisor and the following officers:

President—Arthur Diefenderfer.
Vice-President—Frances Brown.
Secretary—Fred Blumenschein.
Treasurer—Mr. Miller.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Robert Pocock.
Editress—Edna E. Miller.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE Sophomore class are now almost Juniors and some of them have already assumed the airs and dignities of a mighty Junior. It is even whispered that some are putting forth dramatic buds, in hopes that they may be chosen for the Junior play next year.

While, as a rule, the Sophomore classes do nothing startling—give no plays—are not even green enough to attract attention, still it is this year which lays the foundation for the harder Junior and Senior years. Thus the present class has been busy getting a good start in class organization and hopes to have an unusually successful Junior year. The members

have chosen blue and white as their colors, have chosen a pin and have adopted several good rousing yells.. They are guided by the following officers:

President—Boyd Compton:
Vice-President—Marguerite Kinzig:
Treasurer—Meatha Kopp:
Secretary—Robert Pool:
Editress—Ruth Teeter:
Sergeant-at-Arms—Myron Downing:



JUNIOR CLASS

The members of the Junior class are still working with the same enthusiasm and order which has been characteristic of them since they entered Steele.. Clarence Fox, the president, has proven himself very competent. The rest of the officers are:

Vice-President—Hazel Richardson:
Secretary—Kathryn Schaeffer:
Treasurer—Robert Burns:
Editress—Charlotte Bowen:
Sergeant-at-Arms—Harry Moran:

They have selected as their play "Seven Twenty-Eight." This play was written by Augustin Daly and dramatized by John Drew and Ada Rian. The cast, which has been well chosen, is composed of

Courtney Cortiss—Paul Clark:
Launcelot Bargiss—Huffman Ohmer:
Paul Hollyhock—Clarence Fox: .
Professor Gasliegh—Harry Moran:
Signor Palmero Romano Givanic Tamborini—Gilbert Kiefaber:
Goblens—Ralph Ehler:
Postman—Harry Weaver:
Mrs. Bargiss—Margueriete Carr
Mrs. Hollyhock—Kathryn Schaeffer:
Jessie—Crystal Curtis:
Floss—Olive Reeder:

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class has been working hard to retrieve its past reputation, and, feeling that it has at last attained its ambition, is sinking into a feeling of complacency. The class officers have tried earnestly to fulfill their duties in the best possible way. They are as follows:

President—Lloyd Smith.
Vice-President—Forrest Kiester.
Secretary—Helen Arnold.
Treasurer—John Young.
Sergeant-at-Arms—True Rife.
Editress—Irma Blau.

After much discussion, a play and cast were finally chosen, that proved eminently successful. The play proved to be the cleverest comedy ever given by a class at Steele and was also a financial success. The people of the cast seemed to realize how much depended upon them, and rose to the occasion. The cast was chosen by the class and were:

Mr. Pettibone—Russel Tompert.
Mrs. Pettibone—Hazel Gay.
Mr. Bender—Milton Wright.
Mrs. Bender—Helen Albaugh.
Mr. Alfred Hastings—Harold Snyder.
Evangeline Bender—Marion Luyster.
Fifi Oritanski—Corinne Thompson.
Mr. Dabney—Philip McKee.
Mr. Langhorne—Wesley High.
Victor Smythe—Fred Baer.
Emily Pettibone—Hilda Brown.
Bailiff—Lloyd Smith.



PRE-ALUMNI

We have always heard of the pupils of Steele after they have left school, but now we are going to look ahead and see what the present Senior Class intend to do.

WHERE THEY ARE GOING.

Lloyd Smith	Otterbein
Sarah C. Shuey.....	Oberlin, 1911
Harry Millhoff.....	Starling Ohio Medical College
Nell Sheyse	Otterbein
Ruth E. Newell	Western
James Waldsrinth ..	Purdue
Harold E. Peebles.....	O. S. U.
Harold Snyder	Cornell, 1912
Hazel Gay	Western, 1911
Helen Carmille Peters.....	Chevy Chase
Babel Elizabeth Gree	Western
John Connolly	Case
John Finley	Western Reserve Medical University, 1912
Paul Whitley	O. M. U., 1911
Mildred Horner	O. M. U.
Edmund Barkmeyer.....	O. M. U., 1912
Edgar Wilson	Minnesota State University
Marguerite Royal	Miami
Marie Hendrich	Oberlin, 1911
Helen Conley	"The Castle," Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Myrtle Merrick	Heidelberg
Florence Collins	Western
Paul Moore	Denison
Stafford Engle	Otterbein or O. S. U., 1911
Florence Zwick	Miami University, 1911
True Rife	Purdue University
Kenneth C. Long	Purdue
Paul Ohmart	Chicago University
Harry Billman	O. S. U.
Russell Tompert	University of Pennsylvania
Wm. G. Marvin.....	Leland Stanford University
Gertrude Gobel	Wittenberg
W. J. Anglemyer.....	O. S. U., 1911
Marvin Pierce	Cornell
E. L. Kohnle	University of Pennsylvania



FORUM LITERARY SOCIETY

FORUM HISTORY

The Forum, under the name of the High School Literary Society, was organized in 1892 by a body of earnest hard-working boys. At first the meetings were held at the Y. M. C. A. and at the homes of the various members, but later the place of meeting was changed to Room 17 of Steele High School, where it still holds session on Thursday nights. In 1894 the boys decided to publish a paper, and in November of that year the first issue of the "Steele Review" appeared. A little later, the boys, feeling they had established a creditable record, from a literary standpoint, gave their first banquet with the determination to have an equally good social record. It was such a splendid success that the yearly banquets have become the customary thing. In order to prove to the school that their literary standards were not lowered by their interest in social functions, they held an open meeting, which effectually stopped all criticism. Not long after this the boys decided to choose a more classical name, and finally determined upon the "Forum," which calls to mind a picture of white-haired wise-looking Roman noblemen, drawing up the laws of the greatest nation in history. The boys have worked hard to make themselves leaders in this their Alma Mater and they have succeeded in establishing a record that any society might be proud of.

John Sutton
Wm. Marvin
Russel Tompert
Jesse Blackmore
Albert Hostetter
Donald Hughes
Robert Cowden
Birch Brown
Chester Adler

Everett Newcom
Reed Kuhns
Lester Selby
Robert McKee
Orville Brookins
John Young
Morris Sloman
Milton Wright
Harry Weaver

Lester Rankin
Honorary Active—
McKinley Hall
Edward Robbins
Dwight Estabrook
Members in Faculty—
Mr. Ben Showalter



THE
AGORA

THE AGORA

A demand among the Freshmen and Sophomore girls for a literary society in which they might receive the benefits of literary work, independent of that of the class room, and in which they could obtain training for the Eccritean and Spur during their upper class years, resulted in the organization of the Agora Literary Society. Since dates are stupid things, and exact ones difficult to obtain, the world will be content to know that this organization was started during 1897 or 1898. Since that time no one has doubted that for such a society there was a mission, or that the Agora has fulfilled it creditably. Affairs have not always moved smoothly, however. At times internal war has caused factions, and on one memorable occasion the society was even disbanded for a few months because it had incurred the wrath of those in authority. It can justly be said, tho, that as a rule the Agora in the past stood for good scholarship and conduct in its members, and for real work in its program.

Those of some years ago will remember that she took her part in the annual fall meeting when the Eccritean, Spur, and Agora met for a love feast. In that "feast of reason," each society had representatives who gave the program, the climax of which was a grand debate by a team composed of three girls on each side. Those were good meetings and even better days! The Agora has cause to remember them with pride. Now, as formerly, she is prospering. Her alumni roll has some of the best remembered names that Steele knows. Any society who puts the plow to the origin soil, roots out the weeds, and plants the seeds which grow to fruit-bearing trees in the upper class societies and in after life, deserves credit. All this the Agora has done, and more.

Charlotte Huffman
Mary Young
Mabel Graves
Mary Haynes
Dorothy Craven
Charlotte Pierce
Louise Allaman
Martha Rohrer
Ruth Baker
Dorothy Spindler

Margaret Wright
Erminie Kiefaber
Jeanette Gebhart
Fay Snyder
Dorothea Baker
Emilie Wuichet
Helen Cord
Eleanor Gebhart
Jeanette Baird
Evelyn Jones

Meatha Kopp
Elizabeth Bickham
Sarah Dickson
Eleanor Moore
Isabel Towle
Dorothy Ohmer
Olive Simms
Dorothy Naber
Erma Schachne



EUPHRONEAN
LITERARY
SOCIETY

THE EUPHRONEAN SOCIETY

A "long felt want" is a term that may be applied properly to the youngest of our literary societies, the "Euphronean," consisting of twenty-one fine fellows, with Arthur Diefenderfer as president. A series of attempts have been made in years past to organize a society among the younger boys of the school, as a sort of feeder to the Philo, Forum or Gavel, which consist of boys of the upper years; but the "Lyceum" of six or eight years ago died a natural death, and the "Erodelphian" five years back was dissolved because of its fraternity membership, and when the present organization was formed of Freshmen and Sophomores, it was prophesied that it would be short lived as its predecessors.

However, it has weathered the storms of almost five years, and its members not only hope, but are certain that it is on a firm basis, and are using all their best energies to make it a profitable fixture of Old Steele.

Its officers and members are as follows:

The society meets Wednesday afternoons in Room 17, and often members of the older societies are present to encourage beginners and to look for future members for their own bodies. Come and visit us.

President—Arthur Diefenderfer.
Vice-President—Fred Blumenshine.
Secretary—Robert Pocock.
Treasurer—Albert Canby.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Wm. Shriver.
Editor-in-Chief—Dan Blair.

Arthur Diefenderfer
Fred Blumenshine
Robert Pocock
Albert Canby
Wm. Shriver
Dan Blair
Leonard Caten

Charles Durst
Howard Rockhold
Edwin Mathews
Kennedy Legler
Ray Kalter
Charles Hilb
Edward Grimm

Harry Brock
Wm. Huber
Cyril Bowers
Herbert Painter
Fred Barkalow
Don Miller
Charles Bergen



AUREAN
LITERARY
SOCIETY

THE AUREAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Aurean Literary Society was organized January 14, 1908. Since the organization the members have worked diligently to maintain the high literary standard which was set by the founders. With the able assistance of their advisor, Miss Breen, they have up to this time been able to accomplish their purpose. The programs have been not only instructive, but have been of some special interest to each member. The regular literary numbers have been interspersed with music, which has proved a delightful feature.

The work of the year has been under the direction of Miss Myers, Miss Summers, and Miss Leihgeber. Miss Myers chose for her subject "American Poets." The girls showed their interest and loyalty to the society by their coöperation with the president in making the first meetings of the year some of the best. Miss Summers' term was devoted to the study of "Japan." In connection with this study, Miss Bernice Murray gave a most delightful sketch of life in Japan, as she had seen it in the past year. The girls have been enjoying interesting programs on the subject "Northern Mythology," which Miss Leihgeber selected for her term. The new president, Miss Burtanger, has chosen "Our West" for the study of the last weeks of the year. This is of special interest to loyal Americans, and the girls are anxious to make it one of the best of the year.

Grace Leihgeber
Elsie Summers
Shirley Burtanger
Frances Yensel
Nelle Ridgway
Hazel Myers
Louise Forsythe

Pearl Leihgeber
L. Alice Tippy
Margaret Forsythe
Mark Eickmeyer
Alice Meikenhous
Nettie Ely
Ruth Cornor

Grace McGuire
Erma Kastner
Crystal Curtis
Nell Langley
Marguerite King
Erma Wombold



THE
GAVEL
LITERARY
CLUB

HISTORY OF THE GAVEL LITERARY CLUB

The Gavel Literary Club of Steele High school was organized in May, 1902, by Mr. Clarence A. Pfeffer and several friends as true and purposeful as himself. The colors chosen were red and white, and the motto, "Victory and Truth," has inspired us all to truth and to victory. With the help of the faculty and their own untiring efforts, the club was firmly established before the end of the term; but it was not until the following semester that it began to make itself known to the school. Since then, through the efficient work of its many members, our club has raised itself from a modest beginning and has now become a factor in the literary and social life of Steele. Our publications, The Focus and Steele Semi-Annual, have won a just popularity from the student body. The victorious debate with Randolph High, of West Milton, the Mock Trial and Minstrel Show, in 1906, and the Gavel-Philo Debate, in March, 1907, show the club's ability in other literary lines.

The past year has been marked by strides of advancement. Under the first president, Lloyd Smith, the membership was enlarged and the December issue of the Semi-Annual started. This paper, a financial and literary success, came out under the leadership of Wesley High. The excellent literary programs of the next term were due to the generalship of True Rife. In the last term, under Ray Preston, we hope to continue and augment, if possible, our literary work, to publish a better paper than ever before, and to increase our social prestige by several informal affairs. By which, we hope to leave as a heritage to the Gavel members of next year a club that will be equal to the older societies of Steele.

Wesley High
Lloyd Smith
True Rife
Ray Preston
Ralph McSherry
Harry Billman

Frank Munger
Edmund Barkemeyer
Arthur Fulton
Ralph Ehler
Harry Shaeffer
Roy Gillen

Edgar Tiffany
Louis McAnly
Gaius Hall
Don Weber
Lincoln Brown
Ralph Beebe



ECCRITEAN
LITERARY
SOCIETY

THE ECCRITEAN

The Eccritean was established the year before the Civil War, and continued through that period. In the beginning the work was principally to benefit the girls by broadening their minds towards a better education. After the war the society was disbanded to be reorganized under our teacher Miss Mayer. From that time it has continued as a literary society for members from the Junior and Senior classes. The programs for the year are chosen by the presidents and rendered by the members in the regular meetings on Friday. It was customary, also, up to the last few years, to have an opening meeting in the spring to show the work of the girls during the terms preceding. During the last ten years the annual work of the Eccritean has been to publish a book, the profits from which are partly used for the benefit of the school. A year ago was begun the first publication of the Year Book, and this year the second volume was issued. The closing term of the year is now being enjoyed under the leadership of Miss Metzler, whose subject is "Norwegian Mythology."

The success of the Spur Annual we feel is assured, from the time and work they have devoted to it.

Active Honorary—

Florence Arnold
Myra Coates
Ruth Pray
Lillian Ach
Christiana Harley
Helen Rogers
Mary Dake Whitmore
Marguerite Royal
Minna Metzler
Helen Arnold
Florence Horn

Eleanor Negley
Rosalie Lowrey
Marguerite Carr
Hazel Richardson
Helen Snyder
Olive Reeder
Helen Stover
Dona Beck
Mildred Kuhns
Alverda Sinks
Opal Rhinehart
Faith Hultman

Cad Burba
Cornelia Wortman
Cassilda Kramer
Mary Geyer
Miss Linkert
Beulah De Long

Members in Faculty—

Miss Mayer
Miss Breene
Miss Stivers
Miss Shaw



MacDOWELL
CLUB

MacDOWELL CLUB

In the MacDowell Club, now three years old, there are enrolled thirty active members. These members make it possible to say that very entertaining and instructive programs are furnished; that, in ever striving after the best programs to be attained, a marked degree of excellence has been reached. As the members are very much interested in music, the majority are able to render very efficiently either piano or vocal numbers. The musical program is interspersed with sketches on the life of some great composer, with musical anecdotes, and current events from the musical world.

During the first semester, the club was under the able leadership of Miss Edith McGrew, who chose as her subject, "Wagner." Very interesting talks were given, and representative piano compositions were rendered. At the close of the first presidency, Miss Anna Maloney was elected president, but soon after,—much to the regret of the members,—she resigned. To complete the unfinished term and the year, Miss Helen Jackson was chosen. She has wisely chosen to consider one noted master of music at each meeting. The musical numbers are interspersed with talks on his life and works.

The club attributes a great part of its success to the very efficient advisors, who ever work in its interests,—Miss Breene and Mr. Tebbs.

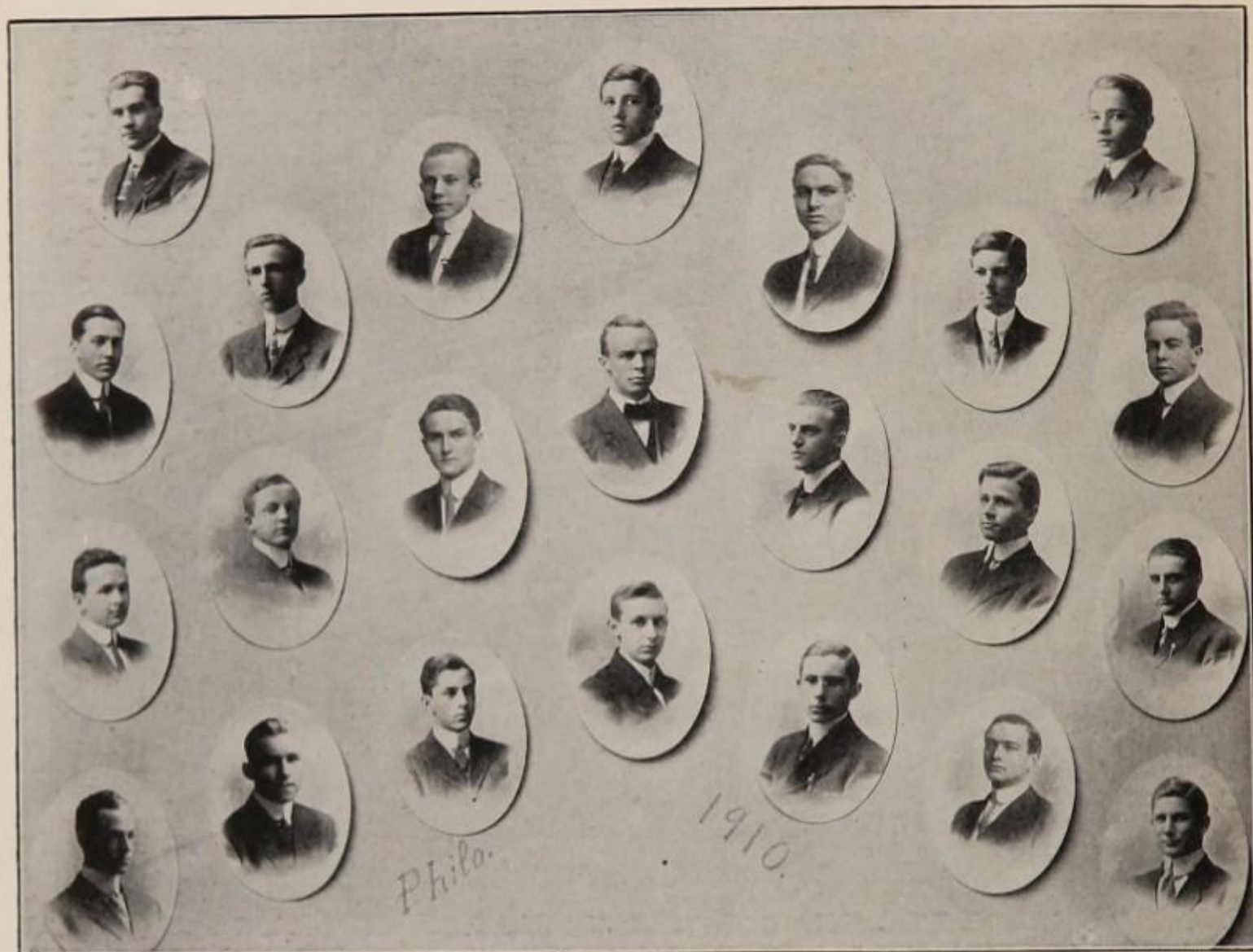
The present officers are:

President—Miss Helen Jackson.
Vice-President—Miss Beulah Brosier.
Secretary—Miss Ethel Collett.
Treasurer—Miss Erma Sexton.
Editress—Miss Janet Clark.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Miss Edith McGrew.

Ruth Baker.
Edna Johnson.
Helen Jackson.
Elizabeth Jones.
Bettie Brown.
Mary Florence Ferneding.
Helen Carson.
Marguerite Kinzig.
Edna McClain.

Erma Prass.
Inez Staub.
Leila Routzong.
Edith McGrew.
Ethel Collett.
Irene Longenecker.
Fredonia Brown.
Beulah Brosier.

Ruth Stoddard.
Lillian McClain.
Erma Sexton.
Edna Wilson.
Anna Maloney.
Helen Rairdon.
Mabel Sloop.
Janet Clark.



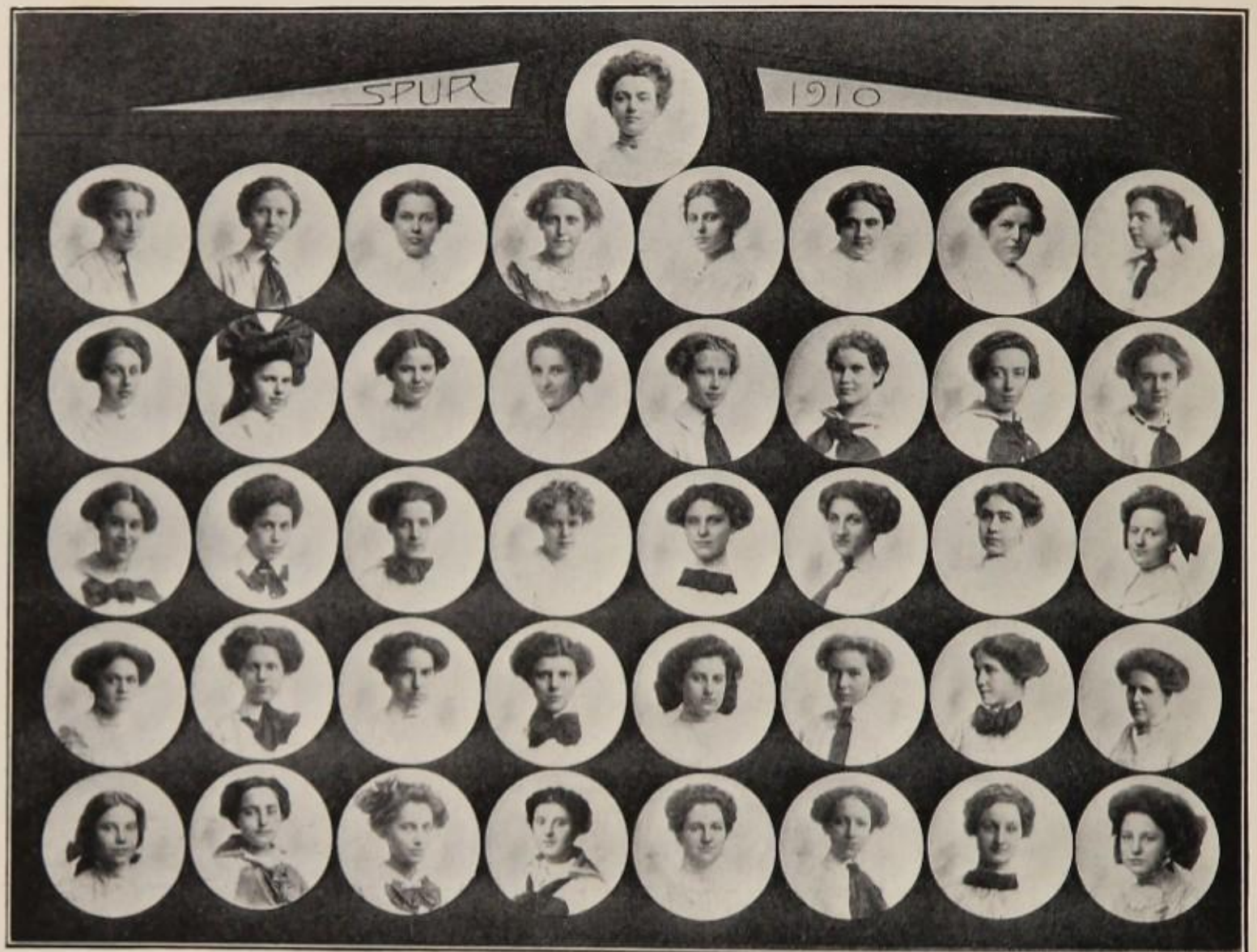
PHILOMATHEAN
SOCIETY

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY

In May, 1862, twenty-three members of the school met and organized the High School Debating Club, but the society was disbanded after a few years of successful existence, most of its members being called away to join the ranks of their country's defenders. In 1869 the society was organized under the name of the Philomathean Literary Society. A pleasant feature of the society has been its mock courts held almost annually since 1874. By these means the members have been taught the modus operandi of a court of law, and enjoyed themselves very much besides. The pin now in use was adopted in 1887, and in 1882 the "High School Times" began its existence. It was then a four-page monthly, in newspaper form, but was enlarged in 1887 to magazine form. At present it is an illustrated magazine varying from 24 to 56 pages, and stands forth as one of the best amateur productions in the country. The list of members of the Philomathean Society is large. Upon it will be found the names of many of Dayton's most prominent citizens, and we know that our present Philo members will comprise the influential business men of the future.

Raymond Aull.
Marvin Pierce,
Fred Baer,
Philip McKee,
Harold Snyder,
Harold Peebles,
Harold Boyd,
Dale Upfold,
Edwin Herbig
Albert Abernathy,
Robert Burns, Jr.

Clarence Fox,
Paul Clark,
Edward Kohnle,
Robert Whitmore,
Paul Moore,
Herbert Lange,
Donald Boyd,
Donald Painter,
Joseph Harbison,
Boyd Compton,
William Malony,



SPUR
LITERARY
SOCIETY

SPUR NOTES

The majority of people always think of the Spur as a comparatively young society, and credit us with but nine or ten years on our birthday calendar. But this is far from the real facts. Some years ago, some time near the year 1884, in that interval when there was no society for girls, a group of girls in old Central High School organized themselves into the "Spur Club," and that was the real beginning of the Spur Society of to-day. These girls were Miss Leila Thomas, Miss Elizabeth G. Evans, and Miss Elizabeth Doren. The society pursued the usual course of literary societies until the year 1892, when, with that outgoing senior class, the last Spur girl had graduated from the school.

In 1900 some energetic girls resolved to resurrect the long defunct "Spur Club," and with the help of Miss Evans organized the present Spur Society, which we know. While they reorganized the society, it is practically a continuation of the old "Spur Club," for we have the same pin, motto, and constitution, and we are very proud to have on our Alumna list the names of the "Spur Club" members and to feel that we belong to the same society.

Helen Albaugh
Almeda Beatty
Irma Blau
Charlotte Bowen
Hilda Brown
Mary Corbin
Helen Crane
Charlotte Davenport
Marie Deaton
Ouida De Bra
Wanda De Bra
Jeanette Fitzpatrick
Ethel Margolis
Helen McKee
Mary Miles

Helen Peters
Camille Pereless
Calla Ohmer
Katherine O'Connor
Grace Murray
Kathleen Mumma
Janet Leon
Mildred Kusworm
Forest Kiester
Elizabeth Jones
Dona Jones
Geraldine Huffman
Nell Gilmore
Hazel Gay

Miss Alice Hall
Miss Frances Hunter
Miss Mima J. Weaver
Members in Faculty—
Alice Wampler
Florence Zwick
Gertrude Traxler
Elizabeth Tolley
Theo. Strong
Helen Soward
Kathryn Schaffer
Marie Ryder
Margaret Robbins
Adah Philipps

AN APPRECIATION OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

We were seated in assembly on a sleepy April day,
When our principal announced to us there was something he would say,
So we listn'd in rap't attention to hear the story told,
But when the words came forth, they were the very words of old:

 "Up the middle and down the ends,
 Straight up the aisles and around at the bends;
 Obey Freshman: 'Bey it Soph.:
 Obey it Junior; 'Bey it Prof.;
 And if you all will follow this rule
 There'll be no confusion in Steele Hi School."

For two days, these directions lingered in each head;
We forgot our lessons but ne'er what he had said,
But, like an absent-minded cuss, I very soon forgot,
I nearly reached the second floor before I was caught.
Maybe the lecture caused the change, maybe the sweet refrain,
For in a more decisive tone, he said those words again:

 "Up the middle and down the end;
 This is a rule you can't amend,
 And, if again you break the law,
 I'll explain it to your pa."

So everytime I went up stairs, I went the proper way,
I rambled up the middle and went down the end stairway,
But when I saw no one in sight, I ran up the wrong stairs,
But way before I reached the top, I'd begun to say my prayers—
For a teacher on some landing, all at once burst into sight,
And when she yelled this song at me, I nearly died of fright:
"Go down that stairway right away, you've heard the rule before,
Come up the middle stairway, and meet me at the door."
Don't ask me what that teacher said; it was strict I will allow,
But I'm going DOWN the end stair way, and UP the middle now.

MORAL.

So this ends the story, that I have tried to tell,
There is a moral in it, and I hope you learn it well;
We always keep the stringent laws
Laid down by our dear pa's and ma's,
So why not try to keep this rule
And have a better Steele High School.
I'm sure a repetition of this rule will not offend,
Just remember, "Up the middle stairway," then "go down the end."

BOOK IV.=ATHLETICS





SCORES FOR 1909.

	S. H. S.	Opponents.
September 18—Varsity at Dayton.....	12	0
September 22—Osborne at Dayton.....	9	0
September 25—Miami A. C. at Dayton.....	29	5
October 2—Xenia at Dayton.....	57	0
October 8—Piqua at Dayton.....	23	0
October 16—Springfield at Dayton.....	35	0
October 23—Hamilton at Hamilton.....	17	10
October 30—Hamilton at Dayton.....	35	11
November 4—S. M. I. at Dayton.....	18	11
November 13—Springfield at Springfield.....	0	0
November 20—Stivers at Dayton.....	16	8

FOOT-BALL

The year just passed through in football, was, without a doubt, one of the most, if not the most, successful, that Steele has ever had. We have, as spoils, championship of Southern Ohio, and also over two hundred dollars in the treasury made from the games. We can claim the championship because we defeated the best Southwestern teams in our district, and because Hamilton High School, a team that we defeated twice very decisively, beat the best team in Cincinnati, which had the championship of the Southern district. The money in the treasury represents the spirit manifested by the High-school students in coming out to the games.

The men never complained about the work, but always did it cheerfully and with spirit. They were to the last man abstainers from both alcoholic drinks and tobacco, stood high in their classes, so high in fact that although a man was required to be up in four studies in order to play, yet out of the twenty odd men who were on the squad, not a one was debarred from the game because of low grades in his studies. They all got along well in the practices, and were entirely without that feeling of petty jealousy which is shown by some teams. Taken all in all it would be hard to find a team that ever represented the high school, that was ever as well qualified to do it as the 1909 team.

The most of our best games were played at home, but there were two out of town which were about the hardest of the whole season. The first of these was the first game played with Hamilton. That game was played on about the worst day of the whole season. It rained, hailed, and sleeted until the time that we left for Hamilton. The train was late at least two hours, so that by the time we got to Hamilton and out to the park, a distance of almost a mile, it was very nearly dark enough to go home. The park would have been all right, but as it had been raining all day, it was in frightful shape, about one-fourth of it covered with mud to the depth of three or four inches. We started to play and made about eighteen points during the first half, but at the end it was so dark that we wanted to stop the game, but the Hamilton captain would not consent, so we were compelled to start the second half. It was during this half that D. Boyd was hurt. We played a few minutes after he was injured, but as it finally grew so dark that the ball could not be seen, the Hamilton captain finally agreed to stop the game under the condition that we would play them the next Saturday at Dayton. This we were willing to do, and the next week they came up to be defeated once more by a score of 35 to 11.

We played the other hard game with Springfield after we had defeated them here at Dayton on a good enough day, but the men were not in fit condition to play the game. Because of that fact, and also because Springfield had been working up a defense for the plays which they knew we would try, we were compelled to leave with no score on either side. It was the opinion of the whole team that had they played with their accustomed energy we would have won the game. However, as we had defeated them once by a score of 35 to 0, we were not discouraged with that one blot on our record.



THE
BASKET-BALL
TEAM

Photo by Smith

BASKET-BALL

Basket-ball is comparatively a new sport in Steele. In all her athletic history but four teams have been organized to represent her in that game. But not withstanding that fact, the team of 1909-1910, handicapped by not having a coach, played the best teams in the state to a standstill.

The season opened with a defeat. After three days of practice we attempted to defeat Richmond on Lakeside floor. As was expected, they defeated us 23 to 20. The team, crippled by the absence of Shively and Landis, played a slow uninteresting game. But the defeat woke us up to the fact that we must work, for but one week remained before the Stivers game.

That first Stivers game was a revelation to members of both schools. Stivers expected to defeat us, and after the poor showing against Richmond, the Steele rooters would not have been surprised if such an event had occurred. But the team literally played Stivers off their feet, running up the highest score of the season against them 37 to 19.

Our second defeat came after the holidays. The trip to West Milton resulted in the team from that city beating us 20 to 16. The game was played on a floor one-third the size of the rink, but against a team that has no equal in the state, for West Milton at the close of the season won the State Championship, defeating Plain City 21 to 20, Mansfield, and Delaware, all in one day.

Then came our revenge. We clearly demonstrated that we were Richmonds's superiors by defeating them on their own floor 24 to 11. The game was rough and more interesting than the score would indicate.

The next Friday the team journeyed to Hamilton and defeated that High School 22 to 20. Steele's guards held the fast Hamilton forwards to 4 baskets, the rest of the points being thrown from the foul line. This last procedure was made possible through the courtesy of the Hamilton official.

Just as in football, Hamilton came back the next week with blood in her eye. But what was the use? We gave them one more point but took ten more ourselves, score 30 to 21. That Hamilton bunch "looked" like a college team. They must have averaged 165 or 170 pounds, but they didn't know how to use it.

Up to the time Piqua played us they had, in the last three years lost but three out of forty-five games played. We made it four out of forty-six. The game was fast and replete with good pass work. Good basket-shooting brought the score up to 33 to 16.

Then came our first long trip. Last year Doane Academy, preparatory to Denison, played us there, and defeated us 28 to 22. This year they gave us another chance, but with a different result. They led us up to the last five minutes of play, but some marvelous shoots by Shively brought us out ahead 29 to 23. The fellows were shown a good time during their stay at Denison by the old Steele fellows there.

After a rest of two weeks we played our second game with Stivers. Since the two teams had met early in the season Stivers had improved wonderfully. But not quite enough! In a game, in which interest was always at the highest pitch, we defeated them again, but by the close score of 29 to 23.

Our third defeat was handed to us by Plain City. After a ride of five hours, the team representing that metropolis, on a small and poorly-lighted floor, conquered us by a score of 24 to 12. This was the worst defeat of the season, and it was administered by a team second only to West Milton, who defeated them in the state tournament 21 to 20.

The game for the championship of Southern Ohio followed. After our defeat at West Milton, the team was confident that they could turn the tables on their own floor. Their confidence was misplaced, but not by a large margin. In the presence of a large crowd of both Steele and West Milton rooters, we lost the most exciting and roughest game of the season 22 to 21. At no time in the game could the winner be picked, for throughout the last half, one minute would find Steele ahead, the next would find the opponents leading. But at the final whistle they were one point ahead; but that point won the championship of Southern Ohio and ultimately of the state.

We closed the season at Piqua, whom we defeated for the second time 24 to 18. The game was rough and marked by the basket shooting of Landis.

This last game closed the most successful basket-ball year in the history of that sport in Steele. It was not only a success as a team, but it was also financially. A record of 367 points to our opponents 240, a balance of \$80.00 in the treasury, and not a fellow debarred because of his studies, is a record any team can be proud of.

WHERE	DATE	SCORE	OPPOSING TEAMS
Dayton.....	Dec. 10, 1909.....	20-23	Richmond
Dayton, S. M. I.....	Dec. 23.....	37-19	Stivers
West Milton.....	Jan. 14, 1910.....	16-20	West Milton
Richmond.....	Jan. 15.....	24-11	Richmond
Hamilton.....	Jan. 21.....	22-20	Hamilton
Dayton.....	Jan. 28.....	30-21	Hamilton
Dayton.....	Feb. 11.....	33-16	Piqua
Granville.....	Feb. 19.....	29-23	Doane Academy
Dayton, S. M. I.....	Mar. 4.....	29-23	Stivers
Plain City.....	Mar. 11.....	12-24	Plain City
Dayton.....	Mar. 14	21-22	Piqua
Piqua	Mar. 18.....	24-18	West Milton

THE BASEBALL OUTLOOK FOR 1910

Steele is exceptionally fortunate this year in having been so admirably represented in football and basket ball; in the former being champions; in the latter second to few, if any. Her reputation, however, will be complete, for she will not be like many schools, champion in one line of athletics and disgraced in another. Such a successful year in athletics has seldom been and possibly never will again be experienced by Steele, for what she has done in football she will do in baseball and on the track.

The baseball outlook for 1910 is even brighter than that of last year when Steele won every game save one, the first. We have practically the same team to depend on this year as we had last, there being only two vacancies. Our captain is our distinguished football, basket-ball, track, and baseball hero, Marvin Pierce, one of the best and most dependable of all those athletes of whom Steele can be justly proud. Besides being captain he is also the star and mainstay of our heavens. Too much honor cannot be bestowed upon him. But we must not place all our praise on one alone, for there are others who likewise deserve it. The work of a pitcher can never be brilliant if he has not a skillful catcher to uphold him. As Steele does not lack in the pitching line, so does she not lack in the catching line. In Clarence Shively, Steele has a bright and shining star, and as he would do anything to save Steele's reputation and fame, so ought Steele to do the same in honoring and praising him. We can all feel highly elated by having two such men as Pierce and Shively, the latter our basket-ball captain for the last two years, to represent us on the athletic field. At first base we will again rejoice in seeing one of our steady mainstays, Ralph Wright, the hero in many a basket-ball game and formerly along football lines. At second we will see a new face, for this position has been made vacant by the departure of "Nellie" Taylor. Although the one fortunate enough to obtain this position will be new to us, he will not be new to baseball, for none, but one who has been tried and has withstood the test, will be so rewarded as to receive this position. We will still have with us the two small but mighty men who held down short and third last year, Ralph Wood and Stewart Spickler. In the field we will be upheld by two of our former standbys, Homer Maltby and Wm. Maloney, at left and center respectively. The one remaining position in the garden is right field, but never fear, for there are many worthy ones clamoring for this position. But now how much interest would be shown if we would not buck up against some very strong teams? Here, again, we have nothing to fear,

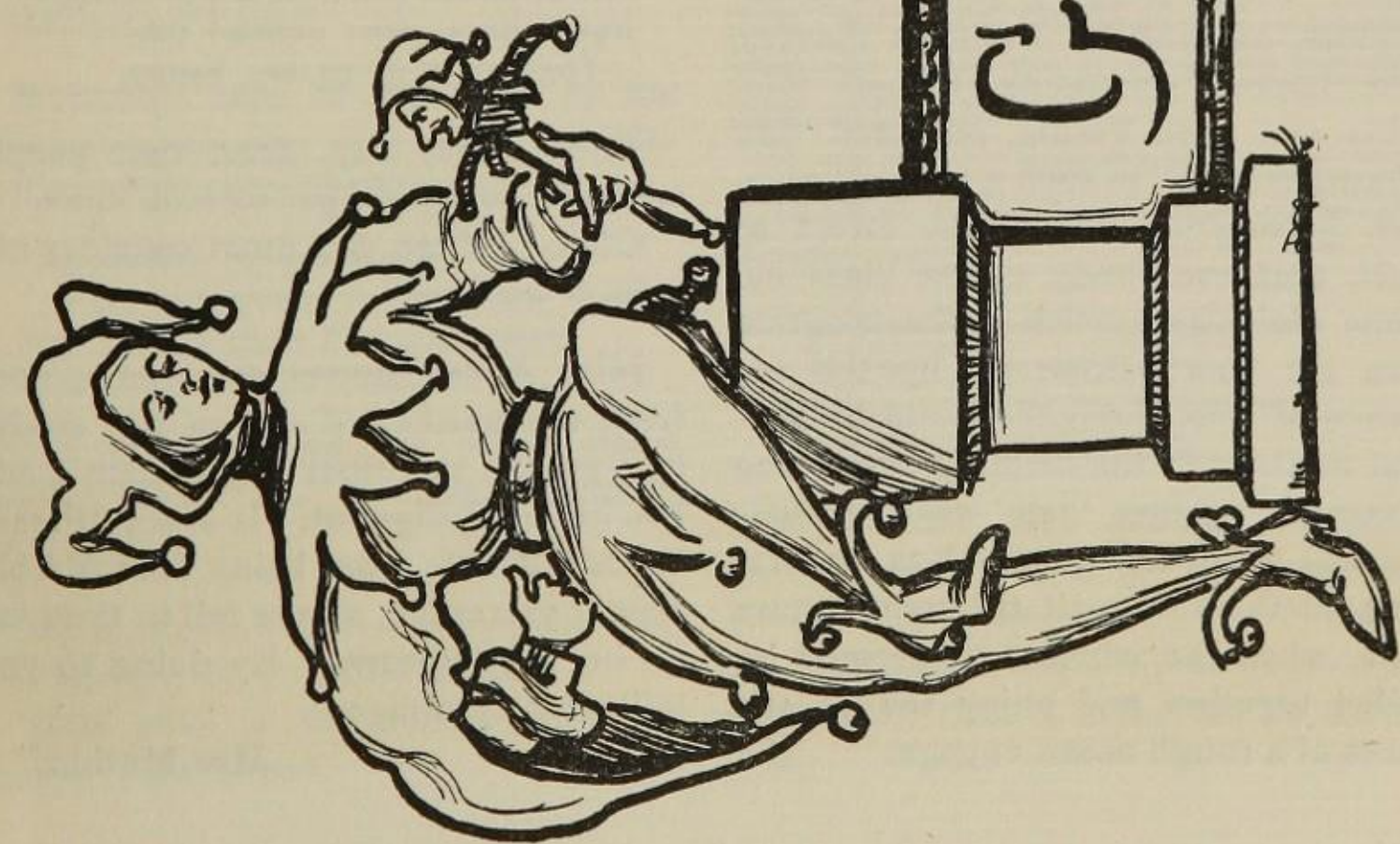
for we have as our baseball manager the energetic and zealous worker Edward Kohnle, who has games scheduled with teams against whom our manager of last year refused to battle because of his fears of defeat.

To such a team can we well refuse our support? They work hard for us; consequently don't we owe something to them? If so, we should be present at every game; if not, we would be the most unpatriotic lot that ever walked in Steele High School. All this team needs is to hear your yells and applause back of their every glorious effort, and we will have also the championship in baseball.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

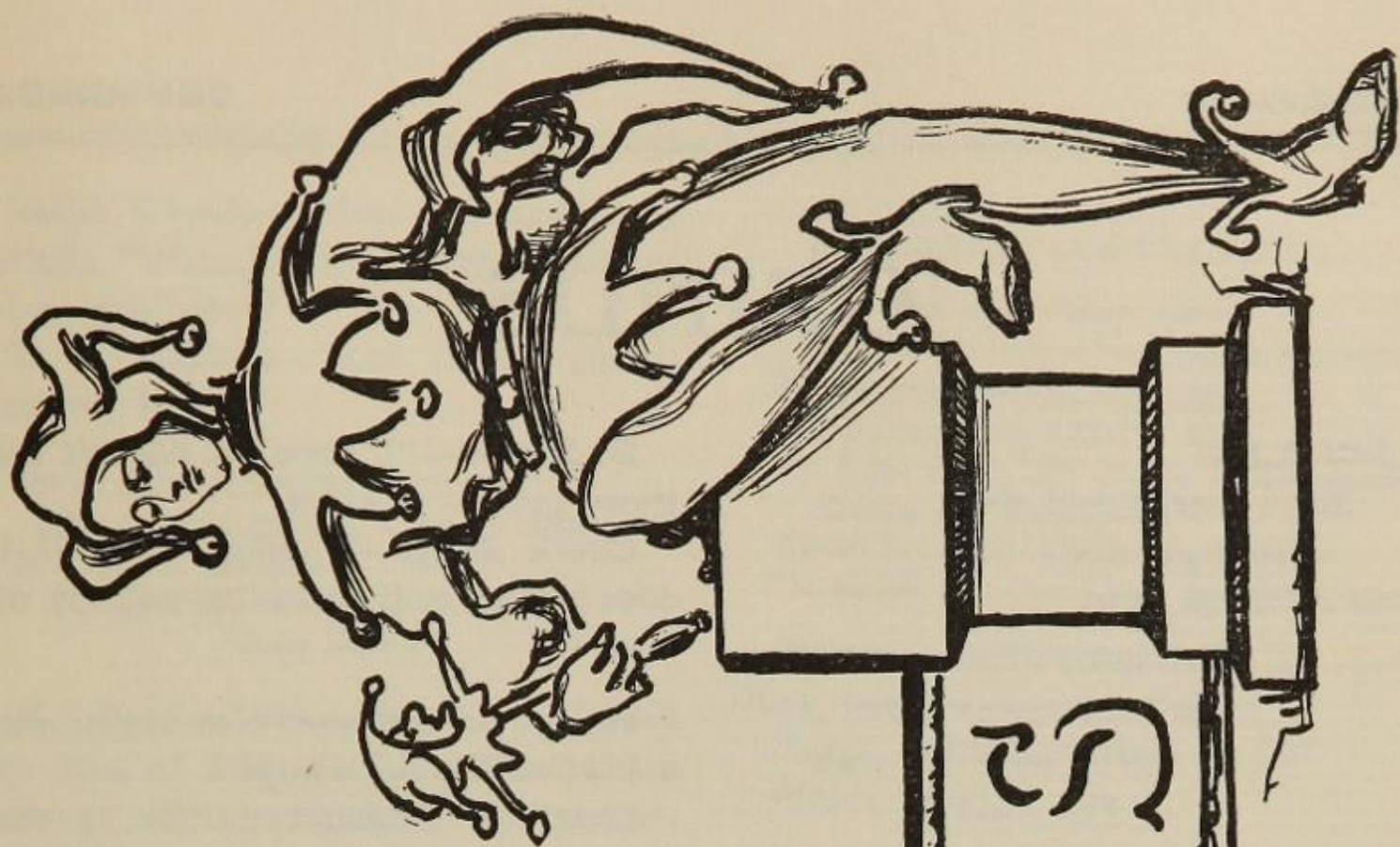
TIME	OPPOSING TEAM	PLACE
April 22.....	Middletown.....	Dayton
April 29.....	Springfield	Dayton
May 6.....	Stivers	Dayton
May 13.....	O. S. & S. O. Home.....	Xenia
May 21.....	East High	Columbus
May 25.....	M. M. I.....	Germantown
May 30.....	Piqua.....	Piqua
June 2.....	S. M. I.....	Dayton
June 10	Stivers	Dayton





BOOK V.

GIRLIDS



GRINDS

Just a few
More weeks and then
We'll graduate
With 1910.
But some of us,
P'haps six or seven
Will have to wait
For 1911.

And we wonder whether the Senior Class will leave anything to the school.

And now Freda McWilliams has expressed a desire to try for the track team.

A few weeks ago, in the first period, the pupils in the rooms in the vicinity of 17, were surprised and delighted to hear a fine concert of popular music which was being rendered in that room. Fräulein Stover presided at the pianola, assisted by Fräulein Pereles. The famous contraltos, Gilbert Kiefaber and John Young, rendered "My Southern Rose" in such a realistic manner, getting in the bumpy effect so well, that everybody in the class became violently seasick. The program was cut short, however, by the entrance of Prof. Loos, followed by several teachers of the neighborhood, who protested against their wasting their musical talent upon one class, and requested them to wait till some future time, when the whole school could be called together and enjoy the experiences of a rough ocean voyage.

B. Brown—"I hope he doesn't read those grades in class."

Check Adler—"I don't care if he does. Mine will be so low nobody will hear it."

Harry Schaeffer—"Won't you miss me when I'm far away?"

Charlotte Davenport—"No, I shall always think of you as very close."

Wesley High, who, on the night of the Senior Play was peeking through the stage door, as the theater was filling up, was asked by a fellow actor:

"How's the house?"

"Well," answered Wesley, "there are some out there. But," he added impressively, "we're still in the majority, old boy, still in the majority."

They say that ignorance is bliss;
Now, please don't think I'm scrappy,
But I have often noticed this—
That most of us are happy.

Tub—"They say, dear, that people who live together, get to look alike."

Olive—"Then you must consider my refusal as final."

Miss Alice Hunter received a note from the mother of one of her study-hall pupils, the other day, which made her highly indignant. It read, "Please excuse Minnie from being absent from school yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way uptown. By doing so you will greatly oblige

Her Mother."

Ralph Cowden (after a recitation in Vergil) "Wasn't that pretty well executed, professor?"

H. T. Kincaid—"Yes, it was pretty well butchered."

"Now I lay me down to snooze;
My griping pain in sleep to lose.
If I should die before I wake
I'll lay it all to Katherine's cake."
Poor Birch!

Mr. Tebbs—"Chester, do you play any kind of a musical instrument?"

Check Adler—"Yes, sir—a phonograph."

The life of Snyder doth remind us we
may sometimes be the rage;
And departing, leave behind us, fruit
and eggs upon the stage.

Rice—"How did you make out in the 220-yd. run?"

Garrett—"All right; I came in fourth."

Rice—"How many were in the race?"

Garrett—"Four."

McSherry says he has lived on his reputation for two years. No wonder he has such poor health!

"All history repeats itself"
A proverb claims I've heard.
But when in class I'm called upon,
Mine never says a word."

Can anybody tell us how many teams there are in the Epworth League?

Bill Marvin—"There are really only two perfect boys in this school."

"And who is the other one?" inquired Bill's friend.

THE BALLAD OF FREDERICK GEORGE BAER.

"Papa dear—sh—listen here!

I'm afraid to come home with this mark.
Every day, the teachers say,
My chances are pretty dark.

For I sat alone (?) in my festive kunine
Eating just like a lark—
There is no place like home, but—
I'm afraid to come home with this mark.

Pierce—"Say, dear, there is something real sweet about you."

Helen Conley—"What is it?"

Pierce—"Me."

Ask Milton Wright the meaning of the number 515. Don't let him put you off. Demand a satisfactory explanation and persevere until you obtain it.

DEDICATED TO MR. KINCAID.

"We always laugh at our teacher's jokes,
No matter how bad they be;
Not because they are funny, but—
Because it is policy."

"I presume," said Elliott Morrill stonily, at the conclusion of the dispute with his landlady—"I presume you will allow me to take my belongings with me."

"I am sorry," was the icy reply, "but your other collar hasn't come from the laundry yet."

Listen to the ocean moaning,
Moaning soft and low.
All because some big fat bather
Walked upon its undertow.

We notice that Russell Tompert moved up and down the stage all the time he was acting. He knew his public. He realized that if he stood still he ran the risk of being hit by something.

THE EVOLUTION OF PA'S HAT

By WILLIAM G. MARVIN

My dad, he got a new straw hat
Some sev'ral years ago,
When panama's were all the rage,
So pa got his for show.



Dad

He wore it to the meetin' house,
And maybe he wasn't proud,
When he found hisself attractin'
A most admirin' crowd.



Sis

But dad don't wear his hat no more,
For when sis came home from town,
She said, "I'll wear that now myself,
With my sash around the crown."

She wore the hat and made a hit
With the village boys alright,
Until she had the parlor full
'Most every Sunday night.



Ma

Then ma thought she would wear the hat,
Tho' why she didn't say;
She didn't make a hit like sis,
So she put the hat away.

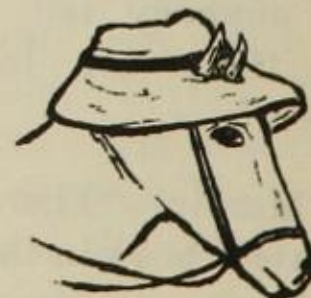
I thought it was a sin to let
The hat lay 'round and waste,
So I took it out and turned it up
On the side, to suit my taste.



Me

The fellers thought that I was swell,
And Jim Brown got one too,
Then I got tired of Pa's old hat,
And gave't to our cook Sue.

But every straw hat has its day,
Some tear, while others fade,
Just now the horse is wearing Pa's
For an up-to-date sun-shade.



The Horse

WE WONDER WHY

Mr. Kincaid refused to have his picture taken.

Mary Dake studies so hard. (?)

Adah Phillips stopped school.

Helen Conley wears her switch one day and neglects to do so the next.

Helen Rogers does ditto.

Clare Foster doesn't apply for position as pianist at the Bijou.

Nelle Gilmore pays no attention to the masculine half of Steele.

Lester Rankin is keeping himself in the background.

WE WONDER WHEN.

Lorin Watson will graduate.

Charlotte Davenport will cease to be fickle.

Mr. Kincaid will consent to having his picture taken.

The Senior Class will stop fighting.

John Young studies.

WE WONDER WHERE.

Paul Clark spends his Sunday nights.

Wesley High learned to sing.

Marion Luyster obtains her unique footwear.

WE WONDER WHETHER

Kathleen Mumma enjoys herself in the seventh hour Latin class.

Forrest is longing for that "Speedwell."

Many people know who Helen Sherman is.

Miss Bowen wishes she were going to California again.

Check Adler will ever become real sensible.

"Tailored To Taste"

\$18 to \$50

Stutson, 27 West Fourth.

Who has eyes in the back of her head?

Little Mlle. Durst.

Who, when she looks at you, freezes you,

Little Mlle. Durst.

Who makes you forget all the French you know

When she says Vite! vite! when you are slow;

Little Mlle. Durst.

Oh, Mary Dake, thy looks chill me,

With awe they fill me,

They nearly kill me,

So cold art thou!

Mr. Lambert came back to Steele one day, and was, as usual, called upon for a speech. "Oh, my friends," he began, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone; when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."

Joseph Turpin saw some mice,

And he killed them in a trice.

Miss Hunter said, "Oh, what a shame!"

"That's right," said Joe, "give me the blame

Only those who are in Room 14, the 6th period, can appreciate the above.

There is a teacher, Kincaid,

Who won't get his own picture made

He said, "My supremely good looks,

Won't be found in your books,

Why, I'd put all the rest in the shade."

Miss Mayer (dictating Latin) "Tell me slave, where is thy horse?"

O. Reeder (greatly startled) "It's under my seat. Honestly, I wasn't using it."

"Tailored To Taste"

\$18 to \$50

Stutson, 27 West Fourth.

Clare Foster—"My learning to play the piano cost me a lot of money."

Bill Marvin—"Indeed, and did some neighbor sue you?"



STUDIES IN HOME MILLINERY

No matter what a woman's morals may be this season, her hats must be eccentric.

Fortunately, so wide a latitude is allowed in the spring and summer fashions that she may utilize almost any of the means at her command, and achieve attractive results.



For No. 1, take a large matting rug, cut a hole in the center of it, and insert a wire crown. Fasten the rug to the crown on one side and strew the hat thickly with ostrich feathers. Tilt at an angle of forty-five degrees. The effect is deliciously piquant.

One of the daintiest of Paris importations is picture No. 2, and it may easily be copied by any woman with a small purse and deft fingers.

Cover a wire frame with white malines, then stud thickly with calbouchons of real pearls and emeralds. Pluck the tail feathers from your own or your neighbor's peacocks, and fasten on the right side of the hat. This will give the appearance of great height to a small woman.



To reproduce figure No. 3, take a small basket, remove the handles and bottom, starch an old lace curtain, when it becomes quite stiff pin in around the top of hat or bottom of basket and let it stand out about three feet in the rear. This makes a very non-expensive and out-of-the-way hat.

A NIGHTMARE.

Last night as I lay sleeping, I had a vision queer,
 That made me glad English exams come only twice each year.
 I thought I sat, gloomy and blue, within the English room,
 Waiting in awe, while on the board was written fast my doom.
 "April twenty, nineteen ten," I wrote in my theme book,
 Then dropped my pen as at the board I chanced to take a look.
 For there, in rambling letters, that made my poor head ache,
 Was written, "Answer fully! Be sure there's no mistake.
 "Don't waste time on one question; eight hours I think will be
 "Sufficient to note all the things that on this board you see."

I. (a) State just how large the type was for the first well-known romance.

(b) In L'Allegro tell the first five figures of the village dance.

II. What was the color of the eyes of Milton's second wife?
 And just exactly when and where did Flecknoe end his life?

III. What kind of dress did Stella wear the day that Swift first met her?

And tell what kind of pen he used to write his third last letter?

IV. "New avenues of thought" the book says, "Milton opened to our view;"

State the avenue he lived on, and the number—give the new.

V. (a) What sort of temper did Pope have? (b) How often was it riled?

(c) What was the name of Mathew Prior's daughter's husband's child?

VI. (a) Who choked upon a crust of bread, and was it wheat or rye?

(b) Was it a brick or wooden building where Gay lay down to die?

VII. (a) Who first wrote heroic couplet? (b) Did it make him very ill?

(c) In reading Thompson's "Season," did his "Spring" give you a chill?

VIII. (a) Give plot of "Robinson Crusoe" as by Defoe it is explained.

(b) Repeat the first two books by heart of "Paradise Regained."

IX. Give dates of—Here a sudden peal upon my dreaming broke.

'Twas the recitation bell. In glad surprise I suddenly awoke;

And as I dried my streaming eyes and wiped my fevered brow,

"How glad I am," I said, "that I take Senior English now;

For awful things can happen ere we grow very old,

But what and how and where, naught but the future will unfold.

"Tailored To Taste"

\$18 to \$50

Stutson, 27 West Fourth.

Will some one please inform us what Kelly did? We were going thru the hall the other day, and passed a group of boys. One of them was relating a story, and another said, "Like Kelly did." Won't some one please tell us what Kelly did?

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Ray Aull:

"I'll leave big foot-prints in the
sands of time."

Florence Collins:

"Whose little body lodged a mighty
mind."

John Young:

"Who does not love wine, women and
song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

Phillip McKee:

"A fine volley of words, gentlemen,
and quickly shot off."

Nelle Strong:

"From tip to toe as sweet a maid, as
careful mother e'er arrayed for church
on Sunday morning."

Sarah Dickson:

"And now, for a treat, shall I study
awhile."

Frank Munger:

"He blushes; all is safe."

Paul Whitley:

"He has no time to galavant, he has
no time to play."

Rosalie Lowry:

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul."

D. Boyd:

"He hath enjoyed himself hugely in
his four years."

Huffman Ohmer:

"A bold, bad man."

Louise Winters:

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy
woman."

Hilda Brown:

"And with her whole heart's wel-
come in her smile."

Joe Turpin:

"But lo! a stir is in the air."

Helen Soward:

"That mild presence."

Mary D. Whitmore:

"I have within myself much that
pleases me."

Donald Hughes:

"He hath a lean and hungry look;
he thinks too much."

Katherine Schaeffer:

"With hair like sunshine, and a
heart of gold."

Tub Kiefaber:

"Nature hath framed strange fellows
in her time."

Hazel Meyers:

"Down in a green and shady dell, a
modest violet grew."

Olive Reeder:

"An arch coquette is this bright bru-
nette;
Merry and blithe and gay."

Helen Arnold:

"The mildest manners and the gen-
tlest heart."

Edith Waymire:

"A daughter of the gods, divinely
tall and most divinely fair."

Ed. Kohnle:

"One vast, substantial smile."

Marvin Pierce:

"I'll astonish the nation, and all crea-
tion,
By rushing a thundering big reforma-
tion."

Bob Poole:

"A little, fat, oily, jolly man of God."

Mary Young:

"But to see her was to love her, love
but her, and love forever."

Ralph McSherry:

"There are things I do not know,
but I do not know what they are."

Mr. Siegler:

"The stage is out of joint! Oh,
cursed spite! That ever I was born
to set it right!"

The Senior English Classes:

"Speech is silver; silence is golden."

WOMEN'S WANTS.

According to a popular poet, all a woman
wants is love.

"All she desires is love. you say!"

That shows how much you know,
She wants to see the matinee,
And to the circus go;
She wants a handsome diamond ring;
She wants a rope of pearls;
She wants a poodle on a string;
She wants some extra curls;
She wants a bonnet twice a year;
She wants an Easter hat.
She wants to read her title clear
Unto a stylish flat.
She wants a four-seat motor car;
She wants a real Worth green;
She wants a trip to Europe, or
At least to Newport town.
She wants a cask of rare cologne;
She wants a diamond pin;
She wants a carriage all her own,
To go out calling in.
She wants the Earth, the Milky Way,
And all the stars above;
And yet you have the nerve to say,
That all she wants is love!

Mr. Siegler—"Do you understand
this problem, Turpin?"

Turpin—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Siegler—"Then I suppose every
one does."

THE TRAGICAL END OF 1910.

Half a term, half a term,
Half a term longer;
Onward and conquer,
Brave 1910!

Forward! my fair comrades!
Cram for exams, they said,
Surely we won't be 'fraid,
Brave 1910!

Exams to right of them!
Exams to left of them!
All 'round about them!
Poor 1910!

In groups they crammed en masse,
True, 'twas a sorry class;
If they might only pass!
Poor 1910!

What to them could be new
After such through and through
Grim preparation! Oh!
All the school wondered!
Crammed, and then crammed anew,
Didn't know what they knew!
Then to exams they flew
If they should blunder!
At last the time was spent,
Shoulders 'neath worry bent,
Sadly they homeward went.
Sad 1910!

Next morn the crowds await
"Won't you tell us our fate?
Say, can we graduate
With 1910?"

Oh, the cold shivers shuddered!
Oh, the wild stammerings stuttered,
Oh, the vile curses muttered!
Bad 1910!

Part of them were made glad
Most of them were made sad,
Some almost did go mad.
Wild 1910!

Silently, one by one, in the infinite
note books of teachers,
Blossom the zeros so fair, the for-get-
me nots of the Seniors.

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Room 9—Seventh Period

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See BILL MARVIN clean carpets in two seconds—by Hot Air System
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LEARN TO BE A SCIENTIFIC FARMER= GREAT

MONEY IN IT—Hear what one Convert to the Soil says:

"I have made my fortune in Scientific Farming. Before taking up this occupation I could only indulge in one dope a month. Now I get a "Buffalo Sundae" twice a week. You may use this letter for advertising purposes if you wish."

Gratefully,

RAYMOND B. AULL.

CAST IRON LECTURES

GUARANTEED TO LAST
TWENTY MINUTES AFTER BELL RINGS

MR. PUMPHREY

STOP—LOOK LISTEN!

MY ASSORTED COLLECTION OF

Shoes, Pumps, Slippers,
Slippers, Sandals,
Boots and Oxfords will be
offered for sale at
greatly reduced prices.

Must be sold, as owner,

MARION LUYSTER

Is leaving town.

Are You Troubled with Superfluous Flesh?

If so, I can reduce your weight from ten to twenty pounds a minute without the use of drugs. The patient is not required to diet, but must not, as a rule, eat more than eleven chickens at one meal, nor more than two bushels of potatoes per day. Too much fat makes the brain sluggish. Life loses its interest. You are without ambition. Hear what one grateful woman writes:

DEAR DOC TIZZARD:

Three weeks ago I began your course of treatment. When I commenced I was fat and out of condition and weighed 425 pounds. Since taking your treatment I have lost one pound, eight ounces and ten grains. I beg that you accept my grateful thanks for the good you have done me.

Respectfully,

HELEN GWENDOLYN STOVER.

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SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

BLOW, BLOW, BLOW.

Dedicated to A. Tennyson with apologies.

Blow, blow, blow,

From thy avenue bed, O dust!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The curses with which I bust.

Oh, well for the high school boy,
If a brush he can borrow or beg!
Oh, well for the high school girl
If a whisk broom remains on the peg!

And the buzzing auto skims
To its garage under the hill;
But oh, though vanished it leaves behind
A cloud that stifles me still.

Blow, blow, blow,
On my shoes or my togs, O dust!
But spare my chin for it's tender as sin
And it chaps at every gust.

To be heard any morning in the
cloakroom of Room 14: "Oh, my! I
thought I never would get here. I
didn't get up till twenty minutes till
eight, and I—"

"Oh, that's nothing! I was called
three times and slept on till—"

"Oh! Has any one got her French?"

"No, I haven't. Doesn't she give
long lessons?"

.. "Yes, awful."

(Voice from in front of the glass.)

"The wind blew my hair all to
pieces!"

(Voice of despair): "I washed mine
last night and now I can't do anything
with it."

"Here! you've been in front of that
glass for ages. Let me have a chance
—just look at my hair! Say, girls, is
my collar pinned straight in back?"—
and just about this time this elevating
conversation is cut short by a voice
of authority—"Girls—the bell has rung
—come on in here."

"Dear Father, once you said, 'My son,
To manhood you have grown.
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone!'"

"Now father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trust me want their pay.
And I can stand a loan."

There is a man in our school,
And he is wondrous wise;
He plays with wires and batteries,
From sunrise to sunrise.
He gives his pupils awful tests,
Marks "D" with might and main;
And when, alas! they dare complain,
He marks them "D" again.

"Tailored To Taste"

\$18 to \$50

Stutson, 27 West Fourth.

Fred Baer loves to spend an hour with
pretty lady friends.
But all the girls are getting sore, for that
is all he spends.

They say a handy girl can do strange things
galore—
Transform a wispy curl into a pompadour.
(So can Troxell, Dayton View's oldest and
most popular barber.)

The following notice appeared on the
bulletin board a short time ago:

NOTICE—Important

There will be a meeting of the Senior
Class in Room 14, APRIL 31, to ascer-
tain what they decided on at the last
meeting, and to undecide those decis-
ions and decide on something else.
Come prepared to fight to the bitter
end!

C. Adler's most treasured possession
—Wm. H. Taft's card.

Dale Upfold was the host of a theater party at the Bijou Theater last week. An elegantly appointed eight-course dinner was served afterwards at the Dairy Lunch.

Miss Luyster's a maker of baskets.
"What kind?" do you ask with a smile,
The kind that brings glory to 1910,
And keeps others guessing awhile.

A good share of wit,
Quite a bit of fun,
A whole lot of spunk,
Oh! our "Brownie" is it!

A boat and a beach and a summer resort;
A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings, and then at the right
Psychological moment a spoon.

A whisper, a promise, and summer is o'er,
And they part in hysteric despair;
But neither returns in the following June,
For fear that the other is there.

And a certain class in astronomy
goes out star gazing.

"Tailored To Taste"

\$18 to \$50

Stutson, 27 West Fourth.

"Corwin, dear," said Mary Dake,
"didn't you say that the horse you
bought has a pedigree?"

"Yes—"

"Well, knowing how unlucky you
are with horses, I consulted a veteri-
nary surgeon. You needn't worry. He
says it won't hurt him in the least."

Yes, we'll all agree that training
pays in the long run.

S. H. S. GRAVEYARD.

Here lies the body of Phil McKee;
He was too bright to live, you see.

Dona Beck lies buried here;
'T is a dirty shame—for she was a dear.

Here lies the body of Kittie Miller;
'T was a wonder anything could kill her.

Interred here is H. T. Kincaid;
He refused to have his picture made.

Clare Foster's bones have crumbled to dust;
They ought to be crumbs; for he was a
crust.

Here lay the ashes of Dorothy Craven;
When Harold left, she went clean ravin'!

She got so thin Ouida DeBra,
She evaporated in air, they say.

Decaying here lies Clarence Shively;
He's gone where things are much more
lively.

Hazel Richardson's tomb you see;
It broke her heart cause she got a "B."

Here lies the ashes of Margeurite Carr;
We miss her a lot—for she was a star.

Ray Preston was having lost of fun,
When his life was cut short by a high-school
bun.

Ethel Margolis—a cute little girl;
It broke her heart cause her hair wouldn't
curl.

Here lies the body of Florence Zwick;
She studied too hard and expired real quick.

Edith Garrett was poisoned I guess;
She died from eating a cooking-school mess.

Cad Burba had a terrible fall;
She cashed in her checks playing Basket-
Ball.

Here lay the ashes of Milton Wright;
He died from an awful attack of stage fright.

Here lies the body of Stafford Engle
His tongue got mixed up in a terrible tangle.

"Tailored To Taste"

\$18 to \$50

Stutson, 27 West Fourth.

Miss Osborn—Her Smile—An Antidote
for Red Ink.

How the red marks pain your eyes!
What a blow to vanity!
But it opens Paradise
When she smiles, and says to you,
"Tho' 'tis not what I should do,
I can see it your way, too.
'Tis a possibility."

Latest Book Out—"Adventures of
a Nice Young Man," by Clarence Fox.

A brand new poet in our school
Has come to us at last.
We've been waiting for this genius,
For many years now past.
His masterpiece is now complete
'T is called "Birth of the Seasons."
And why we have first warmth, then
heat,
He therein gives the reasons.

Now, Monk, old boy, we think it's
great.
It surely is the limit.
You've made a new poetic school,
And Milton isn't in it.

Susie Eslinger, mah deah,
Why do yo' friz yo' haih?
It fills ouh souls with caih,
To see it so.
Could you not simplah weah
It heah below?

Oh, Olive! For what base purpose doth thou
use
Those brilliant orbs, those fetching goo-goo-
goos?

"Where art thou going, my Frederick Baer?
Who hath in this wide world ne'er a care?"
Then with a contemptuous toss of his head,
"To hunt me a girl, kind sir," he said.

Miss Helen Conley says with vim,
"Oh, girls! Just look! I'm growing thin!

'T was at Kiefaber's they met
This Romeo and Juliet.
'T was there he first fell into debt;
For Romeo'd what Julie 'et.

"Ha! I will fool the blood-hounds
yet," cried the fugitive hoarsely, and
slipping on a pair of rubbers, he erased
his tracks.

Little lines of Latin,
Little feet to scan,
Make the mighty Vergil
And the crazy man.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
My test mark of yesterday.
Low, low, too blamed low
To keep exams from me.
Over and over my books I go
From cover to cover hard and slow
While the little shark,
Ninety in every mark,
Slee—e—eps.

D. Boyd and Ralph Wright were
shipwrecked on a lonely island and ta-
ken captives by the savages. "A-ha!"
said the cannibal chief, brandishing a
huge knife; "I will drink your heart's
blood." "So long, Ralph," wept D. to
his pal: "He's going to stick me for the
drinks."

TO PAULINE TOWLE.

Bravely has the freshman started!
Hope she will not grow down hearted.

Miss Pereles, who knows little
French, said to Miss Davenport, who
knows still less, "Quelle heure est il,"
i. e., "What time is it?" "Nescio," re-
plied Charlotte, in Latin; i. e. "I don't
know." "Ye gods!" cried Camille, as
she hurried off; "I did not think it was
so late!"



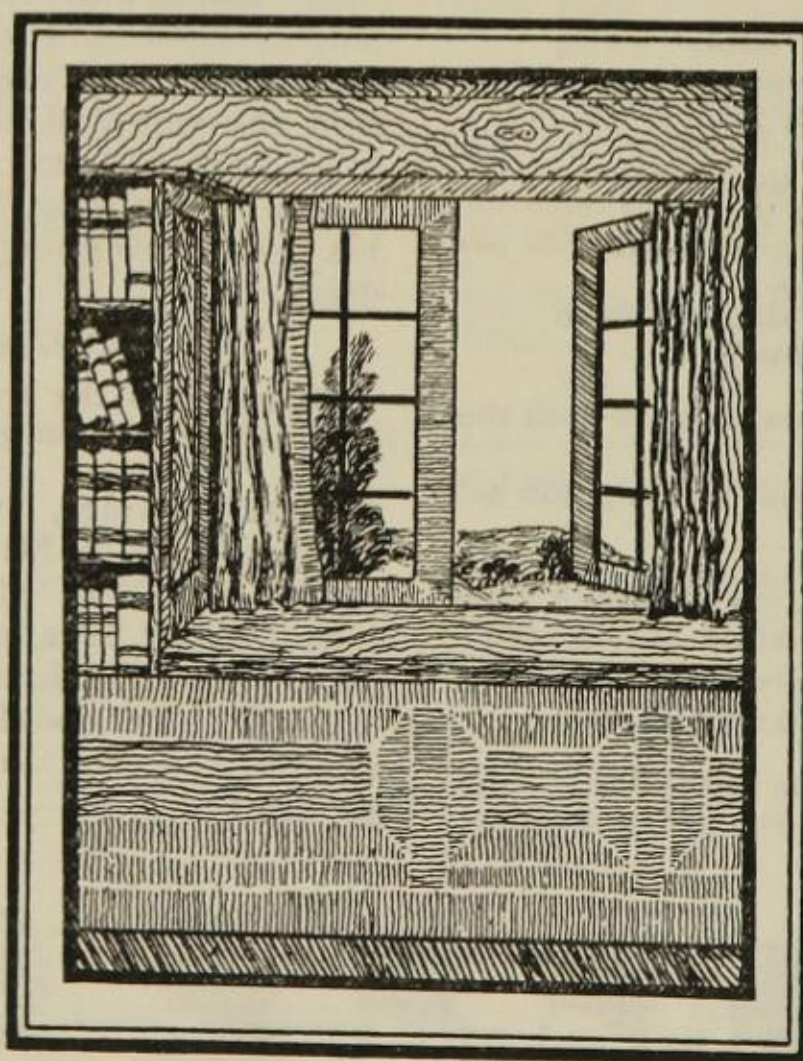
The Seven COLLARS of MAN.

THE EPILOGUE



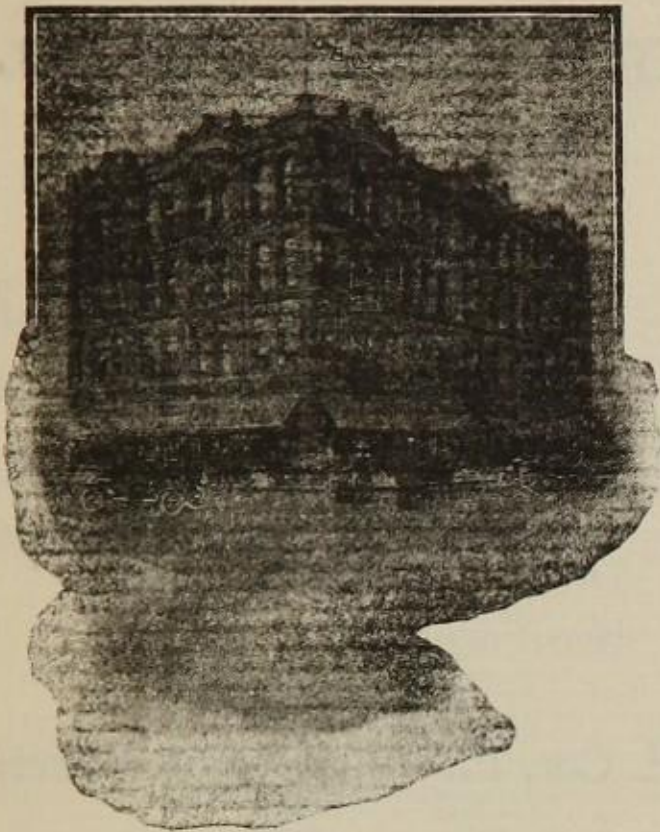
IN presenting to you this volume, the Annual of Steele High School, 1910, we need not bespeak for it a cordial reception, for we know it is yours more than it is ours, and that you will accept it as your own. It has been a labor of love to prepare it; and though at times almost disheartened by the burden of the task, we have looked forward to our ultimate ideal, a book that should worthily represent our high school, and have been inspired thereby. May you have found herein a record of such triumphs and defeats as will increase your love for Alma Mater and deepen your reverence for Steele High School Spirit.

THE EDITORS.



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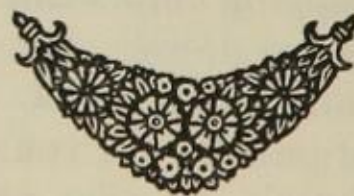
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You will be surprised how much satisfaction you'll find in our moderate priced garments. You'll then appear so much better dressed in our clothes, for you'll get better materials, better workmanship, and better styles for the same money here than elsewhere.

AND MILLINERY—Why this department is a veritable Fairyland, filled with the prettiest, daintiest Hats Dame Fashion has created for Spring, and here, too, the prices are moderate. You are more than welcome to come and look. We'll appreciate a call even if you don't buy.

THE FAIR

FIFTH STREET, BETWEEN MAIN AND JEFFERSON

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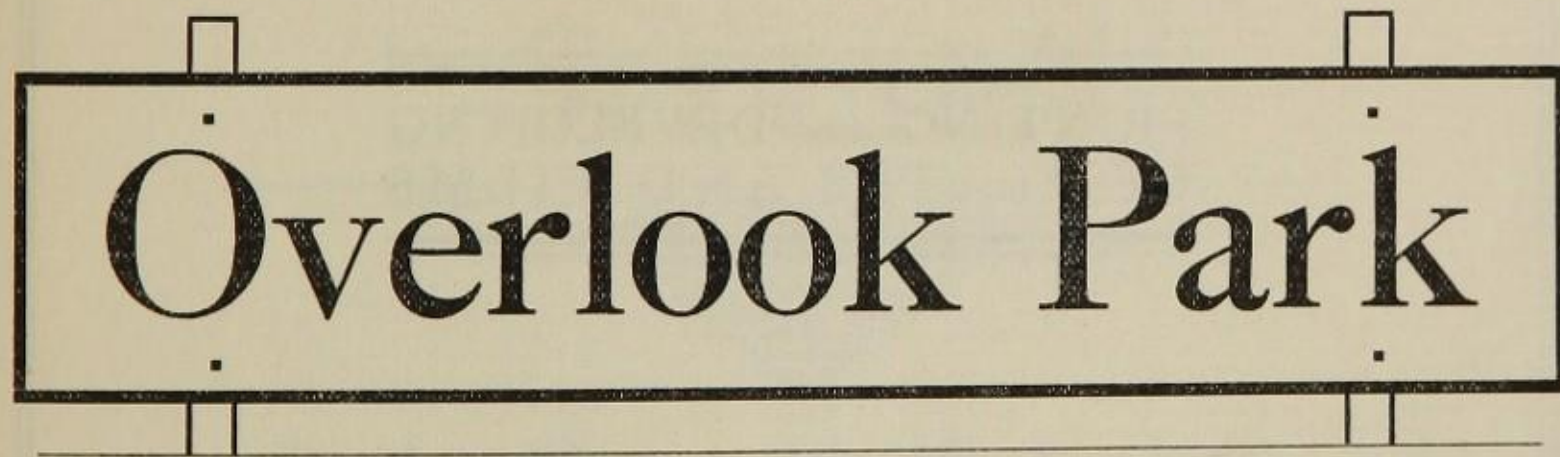
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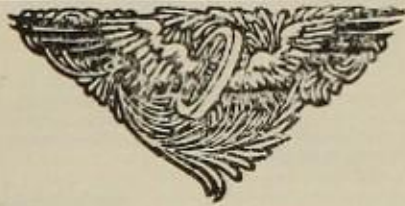
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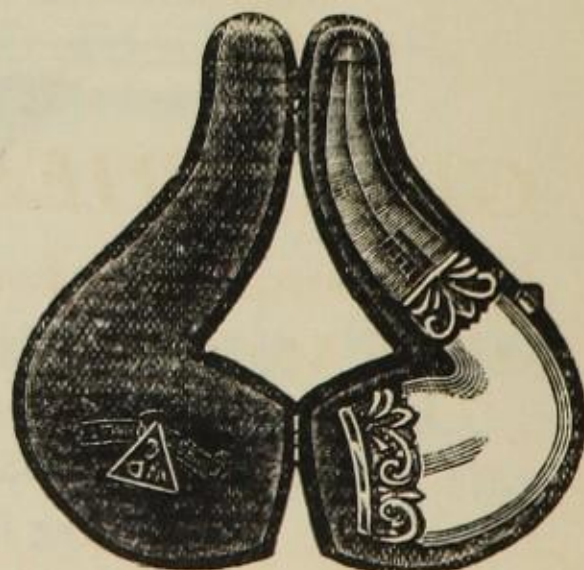
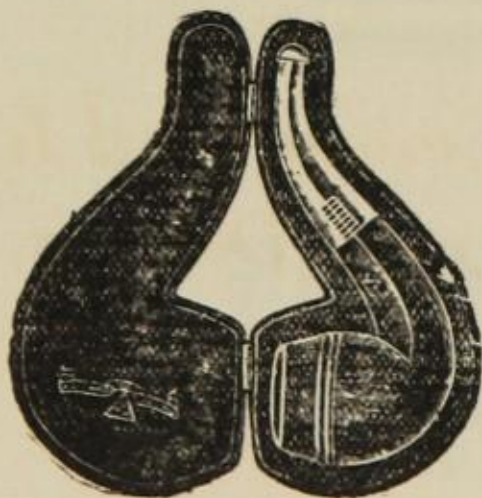
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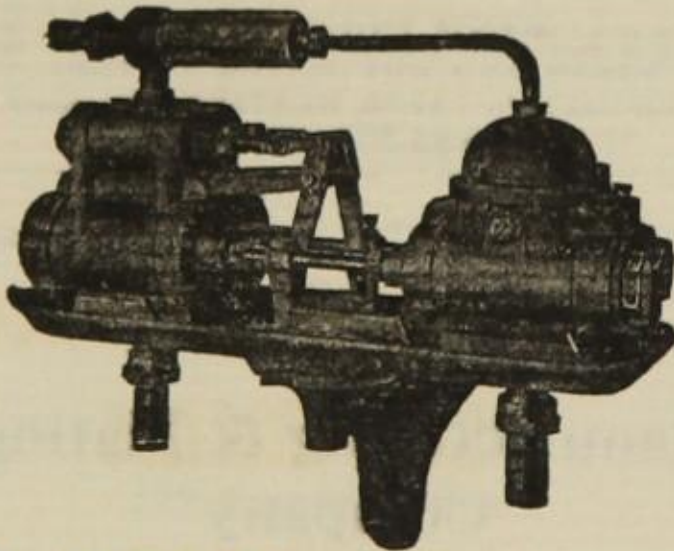
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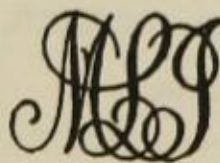


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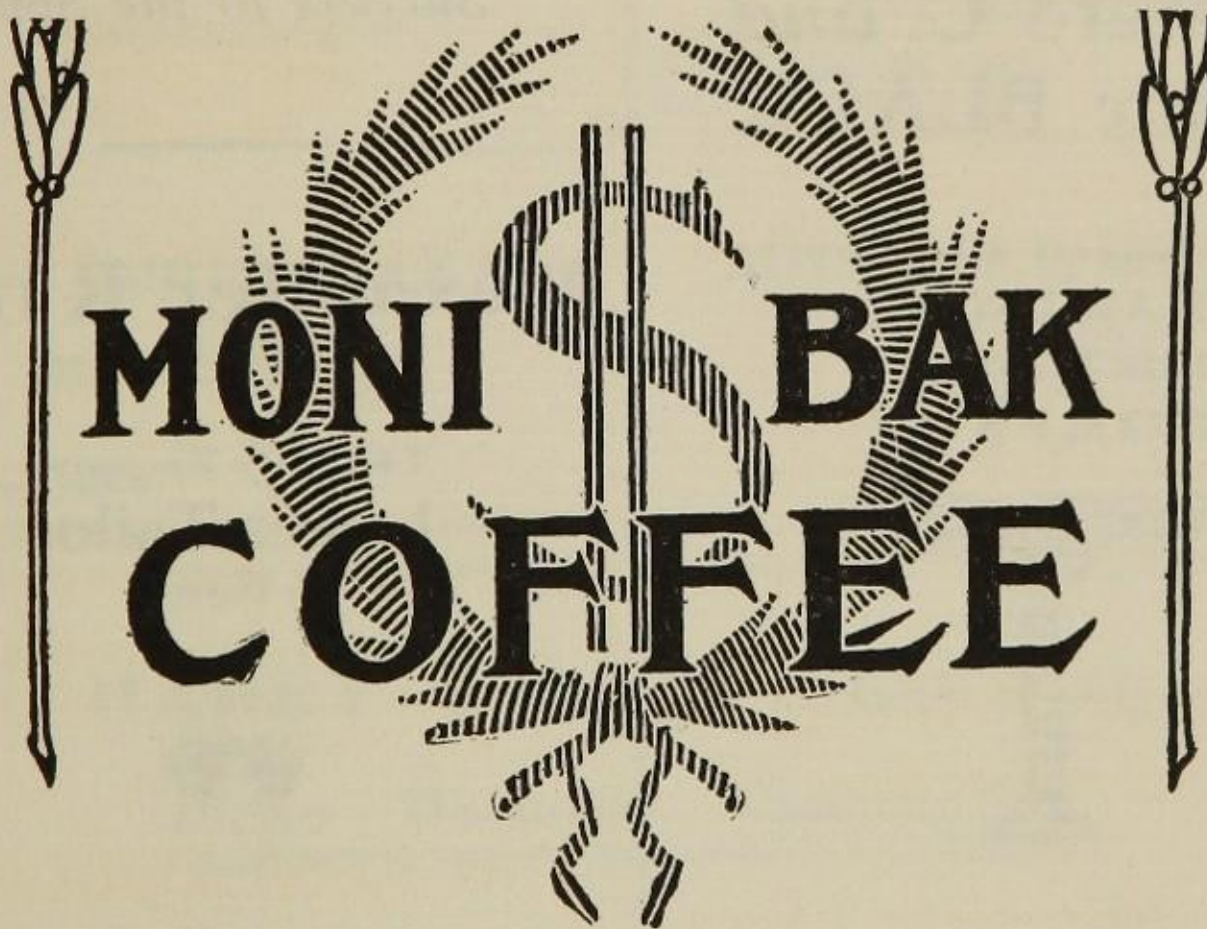
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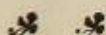
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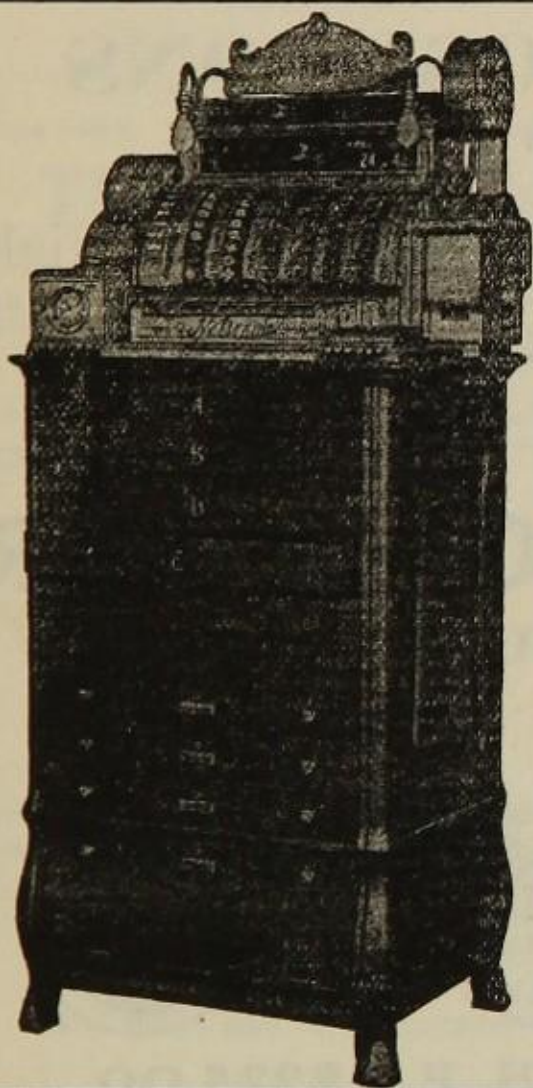
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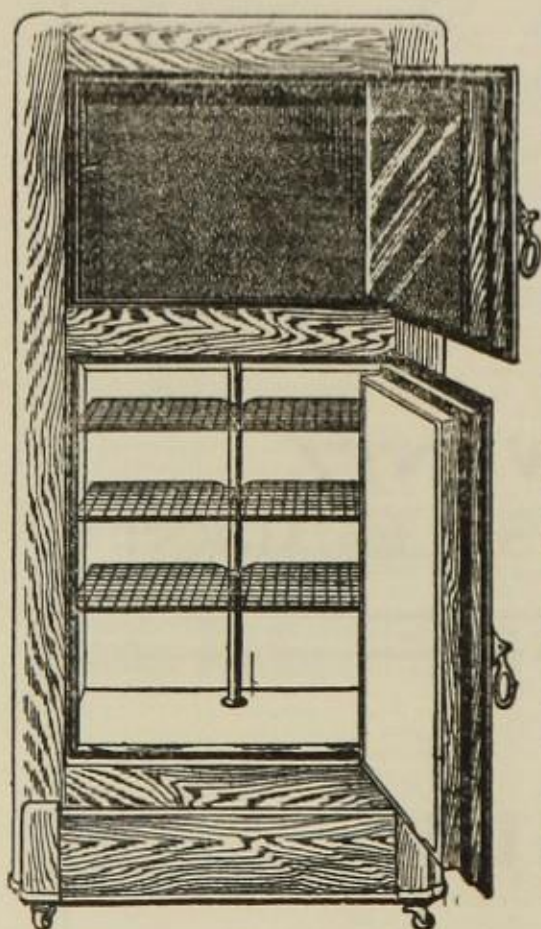


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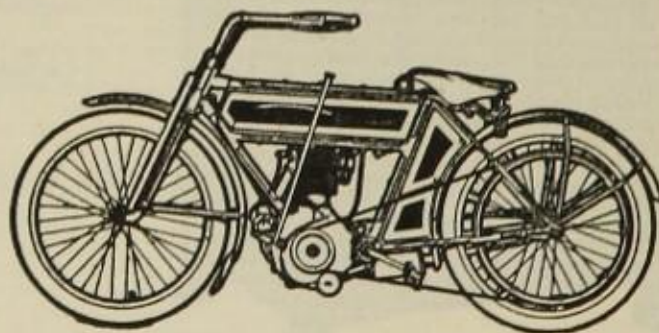


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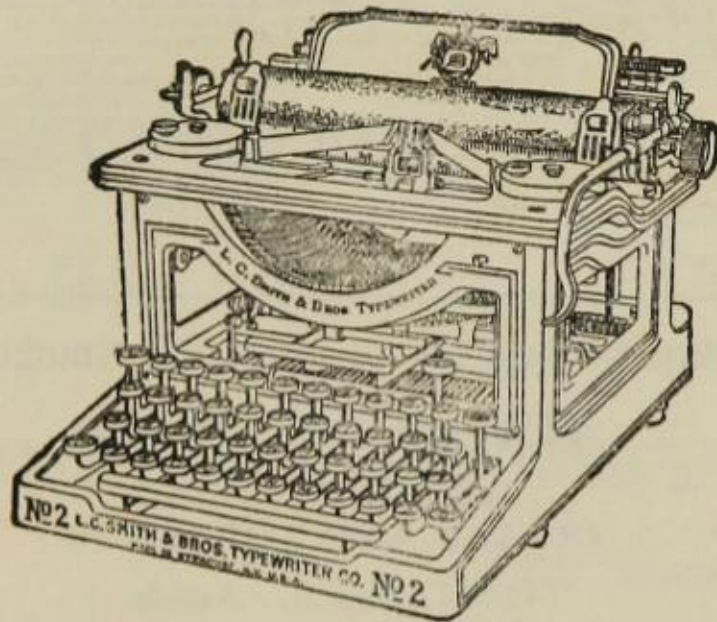
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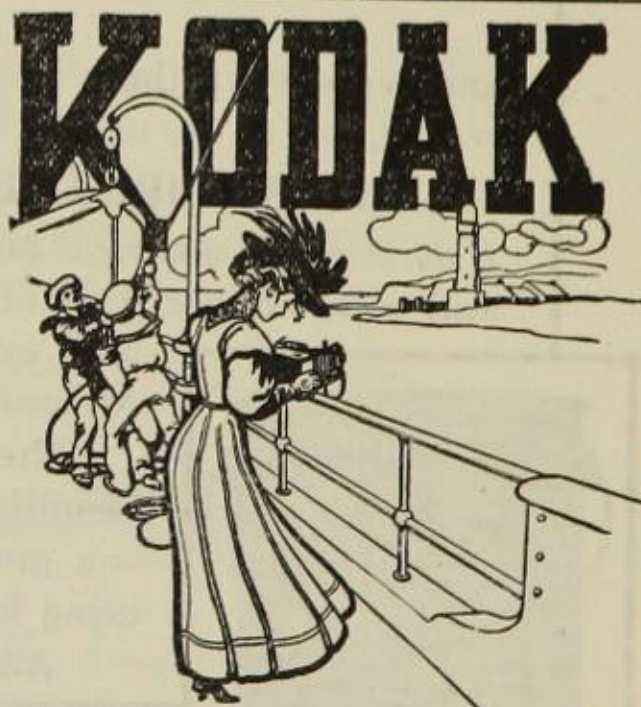
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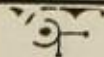
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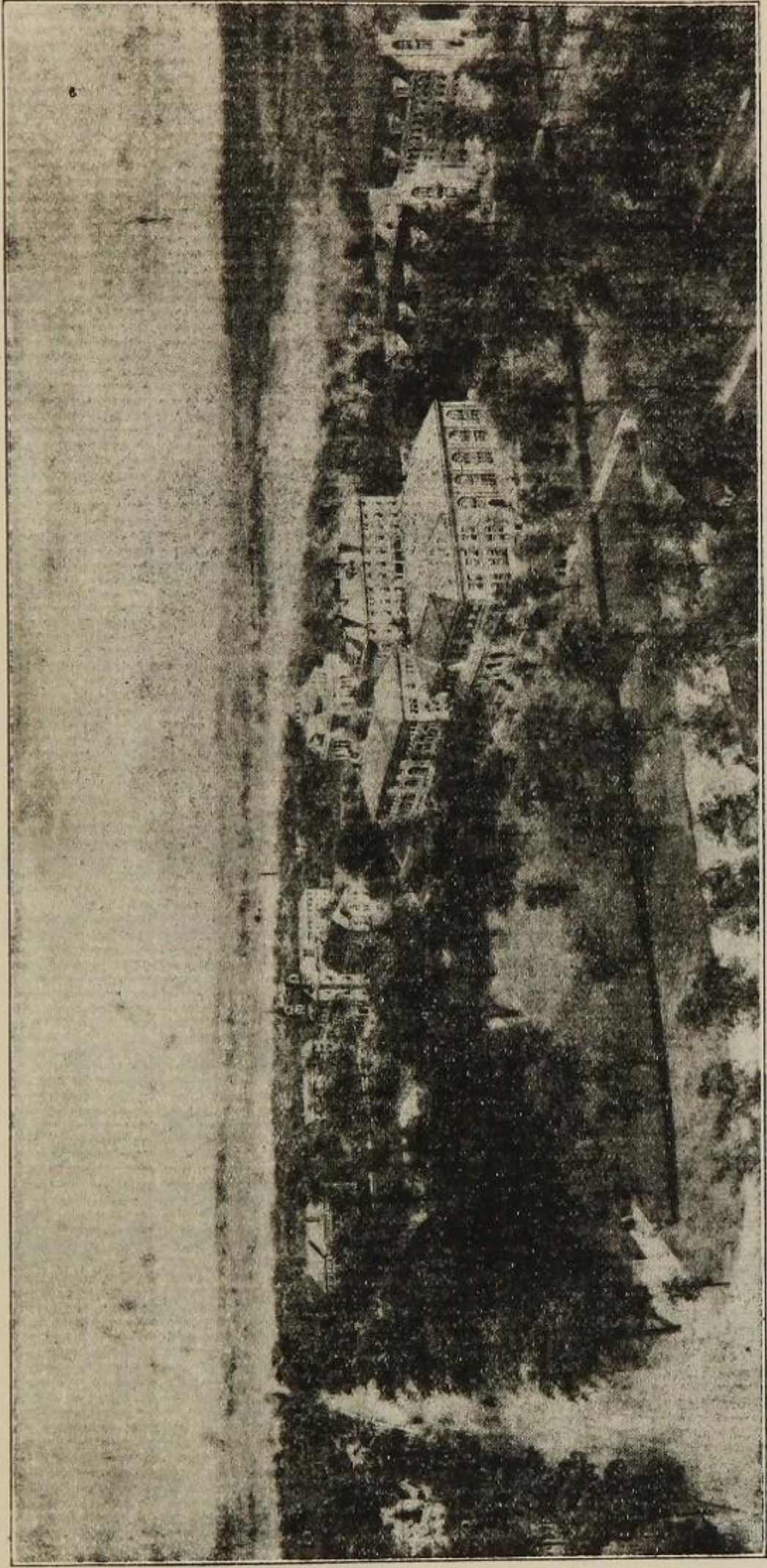
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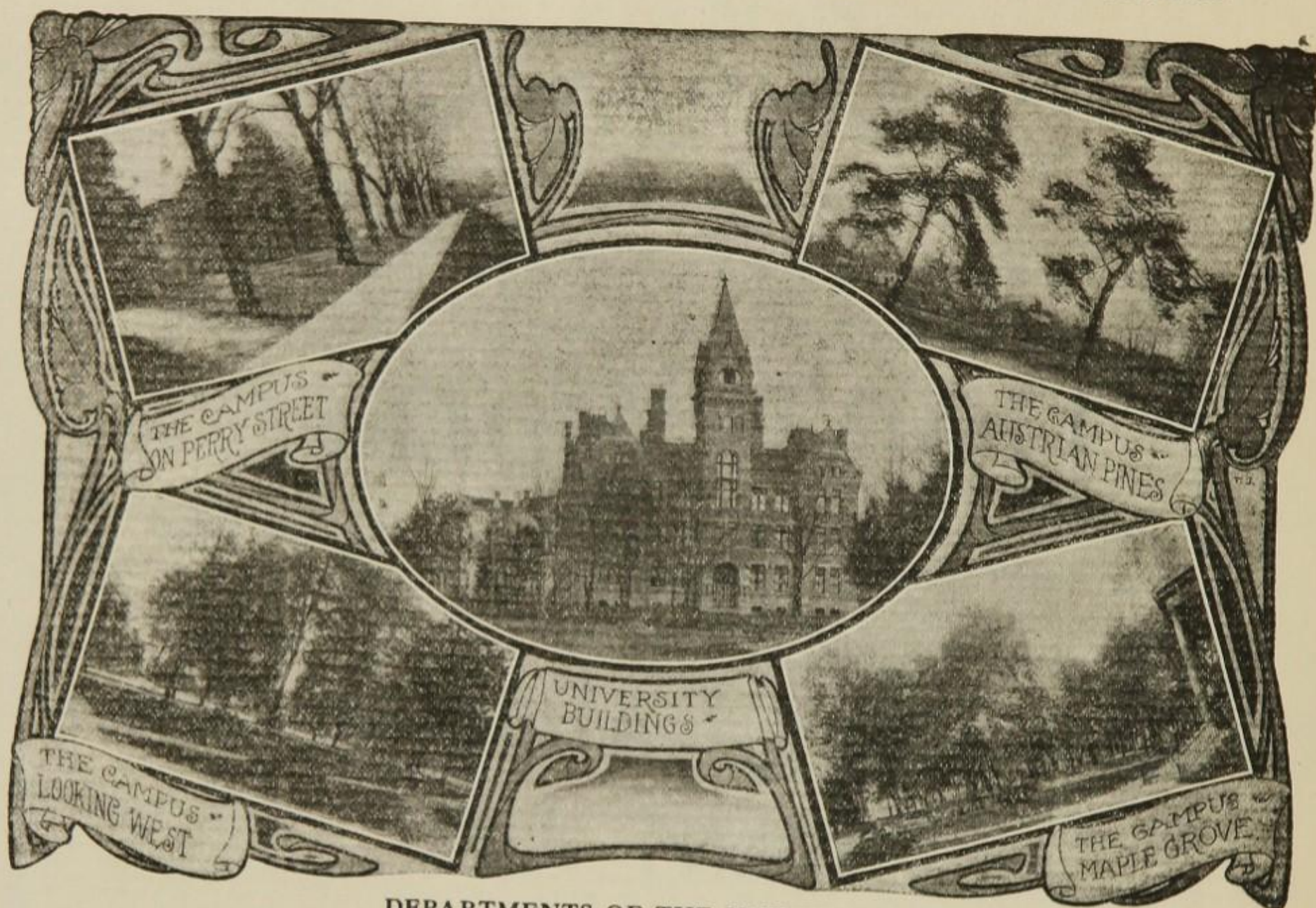
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